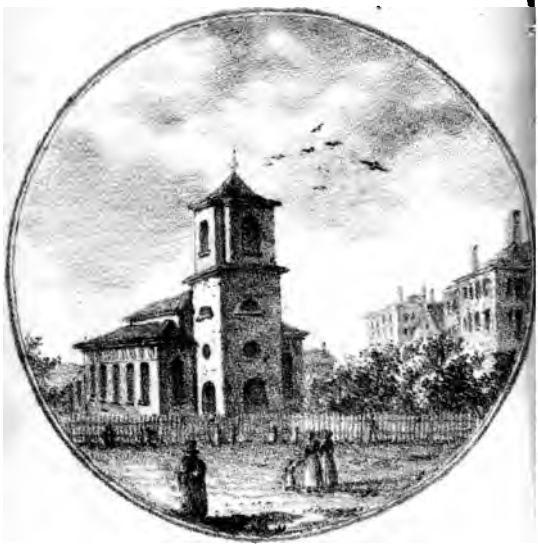


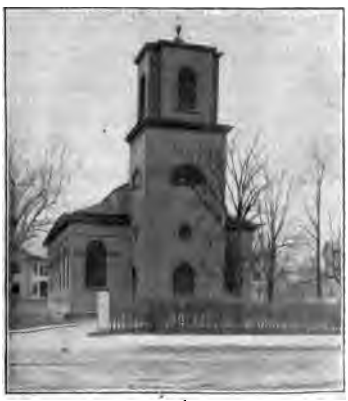
Pendleton Lithog.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN CAMBRIDGE.

Published by Edmund J. & Pendleton

THE

OFFERING,



CHRIST CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE.

CAMBRIDGE:

PUBLISHED BY HILLIARD AND BROWN.

1829.

ous Irish Stories, uniform with Lever's

IES.

COPAL CHURCH IN CAMBRIDGE

Published by Phillips & Brown

THE

OFFERING,

FOR

1829.

CAMBRIDGE:

PUBLISHED BY HILLIARD AND BROWN.

1829.

CAMBRIDGE:
HILLIARD, METCALF, AND COMPANY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS little work is an offering to the cause of infant education, to which the whole of its proceeds will be devoted. Its publication had not been thought of at the beginning of November last, and the printing was not commenced till near the close of that month. This fact, if it do not excuse, will serve to account for its imperfections.

CORRECTIONS.

Page 62, lines 5–7, for the sentence as it now stands, read, *Two Panthers' skins are disposed around the body of the vase, the heads and claws appearing; and above is a circlet of Satyrs' heads.*

Page 63, line 4, for *altar screens* read *altar-screen.*

CONTENTS.

THE OFFERING.

NEW YEAR.

From the German of Richter.

An old man stood at the window in the middle of a new-year's night, and looked with shivering despair up to the fixed and ever-glowing heavens, and down upon the fair, still, white earth, whereon there was now none so joyless and sleepless as he: for his grave lay near him: the verdure of youth did not cover it, but only the snows of old age; and he brought nothing with him out of all his full life, but errors and sins and disease—a wasted body, a desolate soul, a breast full of poison, an old age full of remorse. The fair days of his youth were now transformed into spectres that hurried him back to the bright morning when his father first placed him on the cross-path of life, which, on the right, leads up the sunny pathway of virtue to a broad and quiet harvest-land, full of light and angels; and, on the left, down the mole-way of vice to a black cavern full of dropping poison, darting serpents, and hot and stifling vapors.

Oh, the serpents hung upon his breast and the poison-drops upon his tongue, and he knew now where he was.

Senseless and with unutterable anguish, he called aloud to heaven;—"Give me back my youth! O father, set me again on the cross-path, that I may choose that other way!"

But his father and his youth were long gone. He saw the will-o-the-wisps dance on the bog and vanish in the grave-yard, and he said, "These are my foolish days."—He saw a star shoot from the sky, and glimmer in its descent, and dissolve on the earth: "That is myself," said his bleeding heart, and the serpent-teeth of remorse pierced deeper into his wounds.

In his burning fancy he saw sleep-walkers creeping on the house-tops, the windmill raising its threatening arms as for destruction, and a skeleton, left in the charnel-house, gradually assume his own features.

Suddenly, in the midst of his agony, the music * for the new year came softly down to him from the tower like a hymn from a distant church. It awakened gentler emotions. He cast a glance round the horizon and over the wide earth, and he thought of the friends of his youth now happier and better than he, the instruct-

* It is the custom in Germany in every town to usher in the new year by sacred music, which is performed by bands of musicians placed in the pinnacle of the church-towers, so that it may be heard all over the town. They begin to play at midnight, just at the moment the bell strikes twelve.

ers of the world, the fathers of happy children—blessed men indeed; and he said, "I might pass this first night of the year with as tearless eyes and sweet slumbers as you, had I willed—Oh, I might be happy too, dear parents, had I fulfilled your new-year's wishes and counsels.

Amidst his feverish recollections of his early life, the skeleton wearing his features, seemed to rise up in the charnel-house. And now, transformed by that superstition which sees spirits and futurity on a new year's night, it appears a living youth, in the attitude of the beautiful Youth of the Capitol, drawing out a thorn from his foot;—and oh, how bitterly did it all bring up before him the blooming form of his own early days!

He could look no longer—he covered his eyes—a thousand hot tears streamed down upon the snow—senseless, comfortless, he softly sighed;—"Only come back, my youth, come back!".....—And it came back; for he had but dreamed thus frightfully on a new-year's night; he was still a youth. Yet his wanderings were no dream; but he thanked God that he was yet young, and could turn back from the hateful ways of vice, and set out anew on the sunny path that leads to the land of the harvest.

Turn with him, young reader, if thou art on the same wrong way. This terrible dream will be thy future judge; but if ever thou shouldst call out in thy wretchedness, "Come back, fair youth!"—it will not *come back.*

THE SKATER'S SONG.

Away, away, our fires stream bright
  Along the frozen river,
And their arrowy sparkles of brilliant light
  On the forest branches quiver.
Away, away, for the stars are forth,
  And on the pure snows of the valley,
In a giddy trance the moonbeams dance—
  Come, let us our comrades rally.

Away, away, o'er the sheeted ice,
  Away, away, we go;
On our steel-bound feet we move as fleet,
  As the deer o'er the Lapland snow.
What though the sharp north winds are out?
  The skater heeds them not;
'Midst the laugh and shout of the joyous rout
  Gray winter is forgot.

'T is a pleasant sight, that joyous throng
  In the light of the reddening flame,
While with many a wheel on the ringing steel
  They wage their riotous game;

And though the night-air cutteth keen,
  And the white moon shineth coldly,
Their home hath been on the hills I ween,
  They should breast the strong blast boldly.

Let others choose more gentle sports,
  By the side of the winter's hearth,
Or at the ball or festival,
  Seek for their share of mirth;
But as for me, away, away,
  Where the merry skaters be,
Where the fresh wind blows and the smooth ice glows—
  There is the place for me.

THE GRAVE.

Imitated from the German of Salis.

The grave is dark and dreary,
Its secrets are the theme
Of many an anxious query,
Of many a blissful dream.

No voice can enter thither,
To tell of those we love,
Unseen their garlands wither,
Upon the turf above.

Nor tears of brides forsaken,
Nor widowed parents' prayer,
Nor orphan's cry can waken
The lonely tenant there.

Yet where, on earth's expansion,
Shall lasting peace be found,
Save in that quiet mansion,
Beneath that hallowed mound?

The heart finds there a lonely,
An undisturbed retreat,
And ceases mourning only
When it has ceased to beat.

AN EXTRACT

FROM UNPUBLISHED TRAVELS IN THE EAST.

After the feast of the house of the Bey in Samarcand was concluded, the company were entertained by narratives told with great spirit by some of Shah Lufi's friends. Old Yelghar, who had seen an English organ at Bombay, before he came hither, related a marvellous anecdote, of which this is the substance:

"When I was a lad," said the bearded islander, "we had a kind of vast musical apparatus in the Pacific islands, which must appear as fabulous to you, as it proved fatal to us. On the banks of the Lagoons, in the Bread Islands, there grew an abundance of Siphar trees, which consist of vast trunks perforated by a multitude of winding tubes, and having almost no external verdure. When the roots were artificially connected with the water of the creek, the water was instantly sucked up by some of the tubes, and discharged by others, and the operation attended (especially, if properly echoed) with the most beautiful musical sounds in the world. My countrymen built their temples to

the great Zoa, upon the margin of the water, and enclosed a suitable number of these trees, with the design of entertaining the ears of the god, with this sweet harmony. Finding, however, by experience, that the more water the pipes drew, the more rich and various were the sounds of their organ, they constructed a very spacious temple, with high walls of clay and stone, curiously adapted to reverberate the sound, and enclosed a hundred large Siphars.

When the edifice was complete, the people from all the country round assembled, in throngs, to hear the concert. After they had waited a long time, and the tide began to rise, the instrument suddenly emitted the finest notes imaginable. Through some of the larger pipes, the water rushed with the voice of thunder, and through others, with the sweetness of one of your lutes. In a short time, the effect of the music was such, that it seemed to have made all the hearers mad. They laughed and wept alternately, and began to dance; and such was their delight, that they did not perceive the disaster which had befallen their organ.

Owing to the unusual height of the tide, and to some unaccountable irregularity in the ducts, the pipes began to discharge their contents within the building. In a short time, the evil became too apparent; for the water rose in spouts from the top of the larger ducts, and fell upon the multitudes within.

Meantime, the music swelled louder and louder, and every note was more ravishing than the last. The inconvenience of the falling water, which drenched them, was entirely forgotten, until, finally, the whole host of pipes discharged every one a volume of water upon the charmed congregation. The faster poured the water, the sweeter grew the music; and the ground being covered to the height of two or three cubits, with the torrent, the people began to float upon it, with intolerable extacies. Finally, the whole multitude swam about in this deluge, holding up their heads with open mouths and ears, as if to swallow the melody, whereby they swallowed much water. Many hundreds were immediately drowned; and the enormous pipes, as they emptied their rivers, swelled their harmony to such perfection, that the ear could no longer bear it, and almost all who escaped drowning, died of the exquisite music.

Thenceforward, there was no more use of the Siphar trees, in the Bread Islands.

HYMN TO THE STARS.

Celestial Hosts, that crowd the sky
With bright and harping quires,
And spangle yon blue canopy
With undecaying fires;

Well might the old Chaldean sage,
Deep-taught your ways to scan,
Behold in you the mystic page,
That told the fate of man.

For who, that bathes him in the light
Of your joy-raining eyes,
May doubt ye bear a blessed might
To mould his destinies?

They were but dreams—gay, cloud-built dreams,
Those elder Sages wrought;
But what quick soul can read your beams
Without a kindling thought?

Ye tell glad tales of upper Heaven,
And woo man's spirit thither;
Ye speak of ties, that are not riven,
Of joys that do not wither.

Ye trace your mirrored image, where
The glassy streamlet lies;
So doth the calm, pure spirit bear
An image of the skies.

Youth looks to you, and dreams of Hopes,
That in blue distance shine:
Strains on, and with all peril copes
The noble prize to win.

Age looks to you, and thinks of toys,
That won his earthly love;
And longs for those unfading joys
Ye image forth above.

Ay, there your mystic dance ye wreathe,
And trim your golden fires;
And gazing men full deeply breathe
The breath of pure desires.

Eternal Stars! ye ever breed
  Most holy thoughts in me;
In your unfading scroll I read
  My Immortality!

STANZAS.

WHEN the night is softly stealing
  O'er the calm and stilly earth,
Rousing many a buried feeling,
  Giving many a new one birth :—

When the spells, which Fancy braided
  At some former twilight hour,
Dim through day, but still unfaded,
  Wake with fresh nocturnal power :—

When the forms thou lov'st are vanish'd,
  And the hearts that love thee rest,
Think of one whom day had banish'd
  —Not forever, from thy breast :—

Think, while Hope displays before thee
  Sunny gleams of joys to be,—
That my spirit hovers o'er thee,
  Happiest still when nearest thee.

When the full-moon's dreamy lustre
  Glimmers—on the white snow shed,—
Like the unborn smiles that cluster
  Round the pale lips of the dead :—

When the earth is girt so brightly
  With the stellar zone of night,
That the day were vain—if nightly
  Heaven would give us smiles as bright :—

When the pine-grove's song, at distance,
  Draws, with soft, Eolian strains,
Hopes from fears of past existence,
  Future joys from former pains :—

By those charms so dear to lovers,
  Think—and sweet the thought will be—
That my spirit o'er thee hovers,
  Happiest still when nearest thee.

When—as Earth renews her bridal
  With the emerald-girdled spring,—
Birds of song, through winter idle,
  Wake to joyous welcoming :—

When that welcoming is over,
  And, as Summer closes too,
Grove and plain again recover
  Autumn's amaranthine hue ;—

When o'ercome with music's sweetness,—
When caress'd with love and praise,—
When thy hours have rapture's fleetness,—
When thy moments seem like days,—

O! still think of one who found thee
All he wished thy sex to be,
One to whom affection bound thee,
And whom passion bound to thee.

WILLIAM RUFUS AND THE JEW.

"MAY it please my lord the king,—there 's a Jew at the door."

—"Let him in," said the king, "what 's he waiting there for?"

—"I wot, Sir, you come from Abraham's loins,
Love not Christ, eat no pork, do no good with your coins."

"My lord the king! I do as Moses bids;
Eschewing all evil, I shut my coffer lids;
From the law of my fathers, God forbid I should swerve;
The uncircumcised Nazarite, my race must not serve;
But Isaac my son to the Gentiles hath gone over,
And no means can I find my first-born to recover.
I would give fifty marks, and my gabardine to boot,
To the Rabbi that would bring him from the Christian faith about;
But phylacteried Rabbins live far over sea,
I cannot go to them, and they will not come to me.
Will it please my lord the king, from the house of Magog,
To bring my son back to his own synagogue."

—" Why I 'll be the Rabbi,—where 's a fitter Pharisee ?
Count me out the fifty marks, and go send your son
to me."
The king filled his mouth with arguments and jibes,
To win the boy back to the faith of the tribes,
But Isaac the Jew was so hard and stiff-necked,
That by no means could the king come to any effect ;
So he paid the Jew back twenty marks of his gains ;
Quoth he, " I think I 'll keep the thirty for the pay-
ment of my pains."

A VISION.

"What are we comparing? A Galilean peasant accompanied by a few fishermen, with a conqueror at the head of his army."

PALEY.

THERE came a conqueror on his barbed steed,
Surrounded by triumphant followers;
The sun gleamed brightly upon sword and lance,
On ornaments and gay caparisons;
And every warrior seemed as if his arm
Could overthrow the mightiest of earth's sons.
In all the pride of conscious strength they stood,
With lofty banners blazing to the sun;
And on their brows sat stern resolve, and high
Unconquerable valor, and firm faith—
Faith in their leader;—he had brought them forth
From fierce Arabia's wild and sultry sands,
To conquest and to glory. Dreadful stood
Those sons of war, brought up amid the wilds
Where Freedom ranges in a huntress' garb
Among her playmates, the majestic lion,
The savage tiger, the hyena fierce;

Thence had he brought them, he whose banner waved
Above their pomp. His prophet voice, his arm,
Foremost where battle raged, had drawn them forth
From their old rocky dwellings, and they thought
That by their combats in his holy cause
They had secured the joys of Paradise.
But, 'midst them all, pre-eminent, alone,
Their leader sat upon his warrior steed;
And proudly spoke his brow of deeds of arms,
And high, ambitious thoughts were written there.
I quailed before his eye, for in it seemed
Innate, imperial greatness: in my soul
A secret impulse whispered, "Kneel,—adore!"
Again I looked;—but oh! what met me there!
That awful brow of majesty and power
Was darkened into passion's wildest mood,
And fierce intolerance was there: there too
The lines of soft voluptuousness appeared
Unbidden.—Trembling I looked round again,
But on those shining arms were drops of blood—
Blood had been dropped on every charger's mane,
Blood on each turban's whiteness;—and it spoke
A fearful tale. But in each soldier's face
I read a tale more fearful; for *there* reigned
Fierce, savage, headlong passions, such as shake
The boldest hearts, ere meek Religion's voice
Has bade them "Peace, be still!" Alas, for them!
Their Faith impelled to violence and blood.

The sight o'ercame me. Grief to see my race
Left to the guidance of each tempest-blast,
To hear the sacred name of Heaven profaned
To serve Ambition's foulest purposes,
Came o'er my heart with chillness. "God!" I cried,
"Who rulest all men with a father's care,
Is there no hope? Must fierce Ambition reign?
Must man for ever yield to tyranny?"

I looked again. The warrior train had passed,
And by the shore of a small, inland lake,
I saw a group of humble fishermen
Listening intently to a simple man,
Who stood among them, as among his friends.—
His garb was humble as their own; he seemed
To those who judge by outward show alone
A simple carpenter;—his eyes cast down
In grief for human woes;—his forehead fair,
Where Heaven's own hand had written Intellect,
Was darkened by no evil thought. The grief
For human suffering, which proclaimed him still
"A man of sorrows," was, a moment's while,
Enlightened by a smile, as tenderly
He gazed upon a lovely innocent,
A child which its fond mother had conveyed
There to receive his blessing; and he taught
Those fishermen to imitate the boy,
And be from guile, from malice, pure as he.
Oh, when he spoke, what godlike accents flowed!

How calmly, how serenely beautiful !
He sat with the young child within his arms !
I sunk upon my knees ; my lips could scarce
Murmur, " My God ! I thank thee."

LETTER FROM SPAIN.

Letter from a Gentleman in Spain to his Friend in this country.

Cadiz, 6th March, 1812.

My Dear ——

Do you recollect when I was last with you, in looking over the newspapers, I saw an account of the loss of a British naval officer, whose name was not mentioned, and that I expressed an apprehension that it might be a gentleman with whom I had contracted an acquaintance singularly intimate, considering the short time it continued? Such an impression did this melancholy presentiment make upon me, that immediately on my arrival at Cadiz, when the Consul's boat boarded us, my first question, after inquiring for Mr. H.'s health, was, "whether Daly was alive." I then learnt that my fears were too true.

Daly was a lieutenant in the British navy, to whom I had been introduced by Mr. H., at whose house he almost lived, being stationed at that time in the command of a gun-boat, in the bay of Cadiz. I became

intimate with him from a circumstance which it is not necessary now to mention, and I found him one of the finest fellows I ever saw or knew. He was about twenty-eight, and had been on hard service ever since he was a child; he was at the battle of the Nile, and of Copenhagen, was blown up at St. Domingo in an action with some forts, and himself and one other the only ones saved out of a boat's crew. He had at one time command of a schooner, and in her had fought one of the severest actions, on a small scale, of any during the war. With all this gallantry, his mind was most uncommonly cultivated, and his manners gentle and modest; and by far the most singular of all, considering the circumstances in which he had always been placed, he was not only moral, but strictly religious, and that to a degree so marked, that I once spoke to him of it, as a thing peculiar in one of his profession. He said that he had so often been in scenes of imminent danger, his friends killed or wounded around him, and himself in the almost certain prospect of death, that he never forgot the bounty of God, who thus mercifully spared him, nor the necessity of continual preparation for appearance before him. Were I to write for ever, I could not convey to you the respect which I bore him, in common with every person who had the happiness of his acquaintance.

The most singular and interesting part of his history is a circumstance which was not known until after

his death. At one time in his life, while commanding a vessel cruising on the Spanish Main, it happened that a certain Lady Peshall had had a son on the same station, who had been lost, (supposed to have been taken prisoner by the natives), and never since heard of. To learn something of his fate she left England, went to the island of Jamaica, and from thence carried on a correspondence with all the British commanders on that station, relative to her pursuit and the probable fate of her son. So interesting were her letters, that I understand they have since been published and universally admired. Among those with whom she held this sort of intercourse was Daly, then very young. In the course of his labors in search of the object of this Lady's suffering, a letter of his was opened and answered, she being absent, by a younger sister. From this accident a correspondence commenced between them, which continued for four years, without a single interview, and ended only in Daly's requesting leave of absence from his station to go to England and be married; which he had proposed and she consented to during the course of their correspondence. At this time he was twenty-seven. The marriage ceremony was performed three days after his arrival in England, very privately, none but the nearest friends present, and the whole to be concealed, until he should receive the rank of Captain.

Three days after his marriage he left England, to join the squadron in the harbour of Cadiz, and there, from various circumstances, became intimate with Mr. H.—confidentially intimate. He often, as H. has since told me, read to him extracts of letters, written in a style of uncommon elegance, which Daly said came from a very dear sister. He had a gold pencil-case, which he told Mr. H. he valued more than any earthly thing that was inanimate, saying, "If I die before you, I shall leave this to you." This he afterwards recalled, thinking it better that it should return to the person who gave it, but he promised to send to England to have one of the same kind made for him. Much intercourse of the same nature took place between them, without giving H. the least reason to suspect that he was married. In these habits of close intimacy, in the interchange of the kindest offices, did they remain for nearly a year; Daly being all this time much more highly valued than any other officer of his rank in or near Cadiz. In fact he was treading as nearly in the early steps of Nelson, as possible.

In the month of November last, he promised to dine with Mr. H., but the day previous to that appointed, he sent an apology, saying that he was ordered to a certain duty which would prevent him on this day, but would be with him the next. On that day he was expected. He had performed the duty assigned him, was returning into Cadiz harbour to get his vessel re-

paired, which in the course of his service had been shattered by shot from the enemy, and in ten minutes more would have been on shore to conform to his promise, when a signal was made by the Admiral that some small vessels were making their way out of Port St. Mary's (the other side of Cadiz harbour), and that the gun-boats must attack them. Daly, though not on duty, pushed forward, altering his course to comply with this order, and being situated nearer than the rest, gained his point quicker; the vessels ran back into Port St. Mary's, but an enormous fort, Santa Catalina, opened upon and enveloped him with fire. Like a true sailor, he did not push back, but bore this tremendous shower, until the other boats should come to his relief. In this situation was he last seen by Mr. H. who, from the tower of his house, saw him walking tranquilly on the deck of his boat, his coat off, making such resistance as his small force enabled him, perfectly collected, although the water was all foam around, from the shot which was aimed at him. This was the last glance he had of his ill-fated friend. The boat on a sudden was seen to be enveloped in a volume of fire, an immense report was heard, and she disappeared. A shot had found its way to the magazine, which exploded, and this excellent, gallant fellow went prematurely to heaven.

Such was the fate of a man, whom, even after a short acquaintance, *I became* attached to, as must have been

every one, with the warmest affection. A sailor, full of all the knowledge, gallantry, and experience of his profession, a gentleman, a man of literature, and above all a Christian! One who had braved every danger, had been from his infancy at the mercy of the waves, and often exposed to the mercy of the enemy. Can you wonder, desirous as I am that you should be informed of every thing that interests me, that I have detained you thus long upon the short but glorious life of this most admirable man?

A few days after the disaster, were found the sad remains which once contained an exalted soul; known only by his clothes and his wounds. The watry grave, to which he was first consigned, had effaced all semblance of his former appearance. The only consolation which could arise from receiving this miserable relic was the certainty that it would receive a christian burial, and be moistened by the tears of those who had viewed it with other eyes. After his death, the secret of his marriage, and the singular circumstances attending it, became public. The following letter was received by Mr. H. from his excellent and accomplished wife. Mr. H. showed me his answer, but it would be a violation of his delicacy to give it, even to you. I can only say, that it was worthy the letter which occasioned it, and the object of their united sorrow.

"*Ripley, Surrey, February*, 1812.

"DEAR SIR,

"This almost familiar commencement of a letter from a stranger to you, will at first appear unauthorized, but I feel every assurance that you will immediately allow the familiarity, when I announce myself that afflicted being you have heard of as having such pre-eminent privilege to be the greatest among a numerous list of mourners for your lamented young friend, my excellent and beloved Daly. From his first arrival in Cadiz, he so often mentioned your hospitality and your friendly attentions to him, that to me, Sir, you seem far from the character of a stranger; and without apology or hesitation, I beg that I may be allowed to hear from you, not merely to communicate the arrival and your kind acceptance of the little gift of friendship which will accompany this letter, but to solace my breaking heart with a detail of any and every occurrence you can call to your recollection, relative to that beloved being I mourn and must for ever mourn, with a bitterness of sorrow words are inadequate to describe. Admiral Legge has kindly replied to a letter addressed to him by my sister, Lady Peshall, and given the melancholy history of the event, so destructive to all my hopes on this side the grave. He has likewise kindly mentioned the honors paid to the remains, the beloved remains, of my unfortunate Daly. Mr. Chine

has also kindly replied to a letter I addressed to him, and repeated, how esteemed in life, how honored in death, his *friend* (for so he terms him) had been. All this has been acceptable, though trying to my miserable mind. I do not, will not, ask you to go over the same theme, to do which, I believe would be most painful to your friendly feelings; but it would be most soothing to me, would you tell me, when you last saw your lost friend. I am especially solicitous to gain information of him during September and October; for, aware that I was too severely ill to read his letters myself, he rather alluded to his situation, than gave me a full account of it. I now wish to learn all I can. I believe, dear Sir, you were aiding him in negotiating respecting some employment, which he more than once expressed his hope to me, would put him in possession of an independence, which, to use his own words, he more wished for on my account than his own. He feared to agitate me in my invalid state by speaking of the progress of the negotiation, and promised to communicate the result in his "next letter"—a letter I doubt not he wrote by the last mail, but which I never had the happiness to receive. And it is at once a source of deep regret and acute pain to his afflicted sisters and myself, not to have received his usual packet, always sent direct to me.

"But I must explain respecting the little friendly offering I send. The lamented subject of my letter had

expressed a wish to have a gold pen and pencil case, similar to a gift of mine to him, "to offer to his kind friend, Mr. H." Such a wish, and his every expressed wish, you will believe I have felt anxiety to view as sacred. While in London, in the first days of my affliction, I employed the same person who had made my simple gift, to make this. You will, I trust, accept it as from the amiable, the grateful, the admirable being, whom you have valued as a friend. 'T is with feelings I may describe as agonizing, I offer it; it is such proof that he is no more. My sorrow is indeed sorrow. Dear Sir, I had made my beloved Daly my world. With him I have lost all capacity for enjoyment, though possessed of numerous kind friends who truly sympathize with me, though possessed of the affections of his most excellent sisters. You who have seen his conduct, and have had opportunity of judging of his highly cultivated mind, and the very great excellence of his heart, will know how justified I am in considering my loss the greatest I could experience—will forgive my having thus dwelt on it. I will now, Sir, no longer pain you; but with my adieu, I pray to offer you my grateful thanks for all the kindness you have expressed and exercised towards your lamented friend. I am, dear Sir, obediently and gratefully your sincere servant,

FLORENTIA DALY."

Little more is to be said in conclusion to this melancholy tale. Later accounts inform us that Florentia Daly lingered out a few years of sickness and sorrow, until it pleased God to release her. She died, as she had lived, in the bosom of her affectionate family, rejoicing in the bright hope of again being united to her beloved and lamented Daly, "in a land where there falls no blight."

WINTER SCENES IN THE COUNTRY.

THE short, dull, rainy day sunk to a close.
No gleam burst forth upon the western hills,
With smiling promise of a brighter day,
Dressing the leafless woods with golden light;
But the dense fog hung its dark curtain round,
And the unceasing rain poured like a torrent on.
The wearied inmates of the house draw near
The cheerful fire, the shutters all are closed,
A brightening look spreads round, that seems to say,
"Now let the darkness and the rain prevail,
Here all is bright!" How beautiful the sound
Of the descending rain! how soft the wind
Through the wet branches of the drooping elms!
But hark! far off beyond the sheltering hills,
Is heard the gathering tempest's distant swell,
Threatening the peaceful valley ere it comes.
The stream that glided through its pebbly way
To its own sweet music, now roars hoarsely on;
The woods send forth a deep and heavy sigh,
The gentle south has ceased, the rude north-west

Rejoicing in his strength comes rushing forth;
The rain is changed into a driving sleet,
And when the fitful wind a moment lulls,
The feathery snow, almost inaudible,
Falls on the window panes as soft and still
As the light brushings of an angel's wings,
Or the sweet visitings of quiet thoughts
'Midst the wild tumult of this stormy life.
The tightened strings of nature's ceaseless harp,
Send forth a shrill and piercing melody,
As the full swell returns. The night comes on,
And sleep upon the little world of man
Spreads out her sheltering wings; the ear, the eye,
The heaven-inspired soul of this fair earth,
The bold interpreter of nature's voice,
Giving a language even to the stars,
Unconscious of the throbbings of his heart,
Is still; and all unheeded is the storm,
Save by the wakeful few who love the night;
Those pure and active spirits that are placed
As guards o'er sinful man; they who show forth
God's holy image on their soul impressed,
They listen to the music of the storm,
And hold high converse with the unseen world;
They wake, and watch, and pray, while others sleep.

The stormy night has passed, the eastern clouds
Glow with the morning's ray; but who shall tell

The peerless glories of this winter day?
Nature has put her jewels on, one blaze
Of sparkling light and ever varying hues
Bursts on the enraptured sight.——
The smallest twig with brilliants hangs its head,
The graceful elm and all the forest trees
Have on a crystal coat of mail, and seem
All decked and tricked out for a holiday,
And every stone shines in its wreath of gems.
The pert, familiar robin, as he flies
From spray to spray, showers diamonds around,
And moves in rainbow light where'er he goes.
The spirits dance with uncontrolled delight,
The universe looks glad; but words are vain,
To paint the wonders of the splendid show.
The glorious pageant slowly melts away,
As the sun sinks behind the western hills;
So fancy for a short and fleeting day,
May shed upon the cold and barren earth
Her bright enchantments and her dazzling hues,
And thus they melt and fade away, and leave
A cold and dull reality behind.
But see where in the clear, unclouded sky,
The crescent moon, with calm and sweet rebuke,
Doth charm away the spirit of complaint.
Her tender light falls on the snow-clad hills,
Like the pure thoughts that angels might bestow
Upon this world of beauty, and of sin,

That mingle not with that whereon they rest ;—
So should immortal spirits dwell below.
There is a holy influence in the moon,
And in the countless hosts of silent stars,
The heart cannot resist ; its passions sleep
And all is still, save that which shall awake
When all this vast and fair creation sleeps.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG POET.

No monument tells where the young bard reposes,
No columns of marble arise o'er his mound,
But the glad Spring's return shall embalm it with roses,
And the breezes of evening breathe perfume around.

No death-dirge was sung while the earth was thrown o'er him,
No wild hymn lamented the loved one's decease,
But the nightingale's murmur shall sweetly deplore him,
And the song of the wind be his anthem of peace.

THE SNOW STORM.

DECEMBER'S night was overcast,
Keen drove the cutting sleet,
And a hollow sound was in the blast,
And the storm wind fiercely beat.

And who is she, who lost and lone
Toils through this night of storms?
A mother with her infant son
Clasped closely in her arms.

"Oh mother, mother, is it true,
That men have perished here,
When the blinding snow around them blew,
And the night was bleak and drear?"
"Alas! too true, but I will tell
Another time what them befell."

The heath was wide, the storm winds blew,
The mother onward pressed,
And closer still that loved one drew
Unto her throbbing breast.

"Tell me of him, dear mother,
Who, in the times gone by,
Lost 'midst the wreaths of drifting snow
Here laid him down to die."
"Oh no! my loved one, do not speak
Of such tales now—my heart will break."

Faster she struggled on to gain
Some shelter from the night,
But she strained her aching eyes in vain,
To meet the wished for light.

"Dear mother haste—the cold—the cold—
Such pain—such searching pains!"
Through the yielding snow, 'gainst the tyrannous blast,
With a curdling fear she strains.

And she so timid 'midst the flow
Of joy and festal song,
Is like a mountain hunter now—
The mother's heart is strong.

"Oh mother, mother, o'er each limb
A chilling numbness creeps."
Her heart is sick, her eye is dim,
With a shuddering dread she weeps.

"My God! my Father! save my child."
It was the mother's cry.
"And must we on this fearful wild,
Oh mother, must we die?"
Madly she strove, but woe! oh woe!
The storm hath hid her path;—
But suddenly the drifting snow
And tempest ceased their wrath.

And joy! oh joy! a distant light
Breaks through the midnight glooms,
And a quickening hope, as it meets her sight,
Her fainting heart illumes.
The mother feels a double strength—
Joy! she hath gained her home at length.

But is there joy? Alas! In vain
The bitter tears are shed;
That loved one ne'er shall smile again;
—The mother weeps her dead.

SUNSET.

WHERE is the hand to paint in colors bright
  The vivid splendors of that western sky?
That sparkling flood of evanescent light,
  Pure and transparent, deepening in its dye.
  Elysian bowers and isles of rest on high
Float o'er the amber tide and pass away,
  Each moment changing to the enraptured eye.
Alas! no mortal hand can that blest vision stay,
Guido's nor Titian's art can fix that fading ray.

Oh! I have gazed when silent and alone,
  Till I forgot this globe my feet have pressed,
Have seen the shores of some bright world unknown,
  And isles amid the mansions of the blessed,
  Scenes not for man nor mortal senses dressed,
Bright rosy meads and seas of waving light,
  And fairy barks that on those waters rest.
They darken—they are gone—as fades the light,
And leave me *still* on earth, enveloped all in night.

So fade the prospects early fancy forms,
When life is young and all the world is new;
Bright are the clouds which soon must set in storms,
Bright all with hope, too happy to be true!
Soon sets the beam, and darkness bounds the view.
So the ethereal soul which did this body move,
Leaves the dull clod on earth to which it grew,
Soaring away, where sister souls above
Bloom in immortal youth, immortal light and love.

THE WALK UNDER THE LINDEN-TREES.

From the German of Schiller.

WOLLMAR and EDWIN were friends and occupied together a peaceful hermitage, to which they had retired from a busy world, exchanging its bustle and turmoil for philosophic leisure and such pursuits as inclination might dictate or solitude favor.

Edwin was happy, and embraced creation with a joyous enthusiasm, while his more gloomy companion clothed it in colors borrowed from his own mournful history. An alley of linden-trees was the favorite scene of their contemplations: and once on a lovely May-day, during their accustomed walk in that alley, the following dialogue took place.

Edwin. The day is beautiful—Nature smiles benignly; you alone are sad, Wollmar.

Wollmar. Suffer me to be so; you know it is my wont to look darkly on the cheerfulness of Nature.

Edwin. But is it possible thus to loathe the proffered cup of joy?

Wollmar. Why not, if I see a spider in it? Look you, Nature paints herself to your fancy as a blooming girl on her bridal day; to me she seems a withered matron with rouge on her sallow cheeks and time-worn jewels to cover her grey locks withal. Ay, she smiles indeed, with a sweet self-satisfied grace in these festal robes, but it is an old dress, and has been turned a hundred times. She wore it before the time of Deucalion, embroidered and perfumed in just the same manner. For many thousand years she has but lived on the refuse from the table of death, distilling her cosmetics from corruption, and manufacturing her tinsel gaudery from the bones of her children. Young man, do you know in what company you are perhaps this moment walking? Did it never occur to you that this globe is the sepulchre of your fathers; that in the winds, which waft to you the odor of those limes, you may be snuffing the scattered stamina of a decomposed Arminius, or that from yon quickening fountain you may sip the remains of our great Henrys? The atom which in the brain of Plato vibrated to thoughts of God and eternity, which warmed to mercy in the heart of Titus, is now, perhaps, trembling with bestial lust in the veins of the Sardanapali, or given to the ravens in the carrion of a malefactor. You laugh at this Edwin?

Edwin. Pardon me, your remarks suggested some comic reflections. What if our bodies wander, after death, according to the same laws by which, as some

maintain, our souls migrate? What if, after the machine has stopped, they continue the same offices which they held under the direction of the soul, in the same manner as the spirits of the departed continue the employments of their former life, "Quæ cura fuit vivis, eadem sequitur tellure repostos?"

Wollmar. Then may the ashes of Lycurgus rest now and for ever in the ocean.

Edwin. You hear that tender nightingale; may we not suppose her to be the urn of Tibullus' ashes who once plained as sweetly as she? May not the lofty Pindar be scaling the azure vault in yon eagle, or an atom of Anacreon be wooing us in this sportive zephyr? Who can tell, whether the bodies of defunct exquisites are not kissing the locks of their mistresses in the shape of soft powder-flakes? or whether the remains of old usurers are not cleaving to buried coins in the form of antique rust? or whether the bones of the Polygraphs are not melted into types and stamped into paper, and condemned to groan for ever under the weight of the press and to perpetuate the nonsense of their schools? You see Wollmar, my humor can draw mirth from the very cup from which your wounded spirit has drunk gall.

Wollmar. Edwin! Edwin! you are for ever turning my serious thoughts into ridicule. But let me proceed; a good cause need not fear investigation.

Wollmar. Why not, if I see a spider in it? Look you, Nature paints herself to your fancy as a blooming girl on her bridal day; to me she seems a withered matron with rouge on her sallow cheeks and time-worn jewels to cover her grey locks withal. Ay, she smiles indeed, with a sweet self-satisfied grace in these festal robes, but it is an old dress, and has been turned a hundred times. She wore it before the time of Deucalion, embroidered and perfumed in just the same manner. For many thousand years she has but lived on the refuse from the table of death, distilling her cosmetics from corruption, and manufacturing her tinsel gaudery from the bones of her children. Young man, do you know in what company you are perhaps this moment walking? Did it never occur to you that this globe is the sepulchre of your fathers; that in the winds, which waft to you the odor of those limes, you may be snuffing the scattered stamina of a decomposed Arminius, or that from yon quickening fountain you may sip the remains of our great Henrys? The atom which in the brain of Plato vibrated to thoughts of God and eternity, which warmed to mercy in the heart of Titus, is now, perhaps, trembling with bestial lust in the veins of the Sardanapali, or given to the ravens in the carrion of a malefactor. You laugh at this Edwin?

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Edwin. Let Wollmar then investigate, if he is happier.

Wollmar. O, fie! there you touched the sorest wound. Wisdom then, according to your theory, is a trifling parasite, frequenting every house and accomodating itself with garrulous volubility to every humor, slandering mercy itself with the wretched, and with the happy, gilding the very ills of life. A disordered stomach can make a hell of this planet, and a glass of wine can deify its devils. If our humors are the models of our philosophies, tell me, Edwin, in which of them is truth moulded. Alas, I fear you will not be wise, till you have learned to be sad.

Edwin. The price of wisdom is too dear for me, then.

Wollmar. You spoke of happiness; how is that obtained, Edwin? Labor is the condition of life, the end wisdom, and happiness, you say, is the price. Thousands and thousands of sails are spread to reach the happy island in that shoreless sea, and win the golden fleece. Declare to me, thou sage; how many are there that find it? I see here, a fleet encompassed and confined by the ring of eternal necessity, eternally leaving and eternally landing again on the same coast, in weary alternation. I see it tossed to and fro, cruising timidly along the shore, renewing its supplies and mending its tackle, never to reach the high seas. There are some who weary themselves to-day for no

other purpose than to renew their toil on the morrow. I deduct these, and the sum is reduced to one half its amount. Others are whirled by the vortex of sense into an inglorious grave; these spend their powers in rioting on the sweat of the former. Deduct these, and a wretched quarter remains. Shy and trembling the remaining few sail on, without compass, under the guidance of treacherous stars on the dread waters; already, the promised coast appears like a white cloud on the horizon's verge, the helmsman cries, "Land!" when lo! a poor plank bursts, and the leaking ship sinks hard by the strand.

"Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto."

The stoutest swimmer reaches the shore faint with long struggles, wanders a solitary stranger beneath the ethereal zone, and sighs in vain for his northern home. And thus I subtract millions after millions from the boasted sum of your liberal systems. The child weeps for the dress of manhood, and men weep that they are children no more. The stream of knowledge rolls backward to its fountain, the evening is shrouded in the mists of the morning, Hesperus and Aurora embrace in the same night, and the sage who would break through the wall of mortality sinks back and returns to the toys of his childhood. Now, Edwin, answer me, and vindicate, if you can, the potter against the vessel.

Edwin. The potter is already justified when the vessel calls him to judgment.

Wollmar. Answer.

Edwin. Well then; what though the island be not reached? the voyage is not therefore lost.

Wollmar. To what purpose has it served? To feast the eye on the fair landscapes which were passed on the right and on the left? And for that, to be for ever tossed by the tempest! for that, to go trembling by horrid cliffs, for that to flutter round the jaws of a threefold death in the rolling wilderness! Say no more; my sadness is more eloquent than your contentment.

Edwin. And shall I then tread the violet in the dust, because the rose is not mine? Shall I lose this fair May-day, because a storm may darken it? No; I will inhale a cheerfulness of heart beneath its cloudless blue, which shall hereafter make pastime of the weary storm. Shall I not pluck the flower, because to-morrow it will have lost its sweetness? I will cast it away when it has faded, and pluck its younger sister which now sleeps so sweetly in its bud of promise.

Wollmar. In vain! In vain! Where one seed of pleasure falls, a thousand germs of woe spring up. Where one tear of joy lies buried, there lie a thousand tears of despair. On this spot where a mortal exulted, a thousand insects are writhing in death. In the same moment in which your rapture soared to heaven, a thousand curses ascended. It is a deceitful lottery, in which the few wretched prizes are lost among the

numberless blanks. Every drop of time is the death-moment of fleeting joys, every flying mote is the monument of buried hopes. Upon every point in the infinite universe, Death has stamped his imperial seal; upon every atom I read the mournful inscription—PAST.

Edwin. And why not—BEEN? What though every sound be the death-song of a by-gone happiness—it is also the hymn of an omnipresent love.—Wollmar, under this linden-tree, I first exchanged vows with my Juliet.

Wollmar. (*Abruptly turning away.*) Young man, under *this* linden-tree I lost my Laura.

TO HARRIET.

'T was not, my love, my Harriet dear!
Thy youthful grace, or form divine,
'T was not thy mild angelic air,
Nor was it thy luxuriant hair,
Whose golden locks so sweetly twine;

'T was not the rose upon thy cheek,
'T was not thy sweet, expressive smile,
Nor soft blue eye that seems to speak,
And wears a glance so heavenly meek,
(Sure such a look can ne'er beguile;)

Nor was it any other charm
Of all the charms which beauty wears,
That made my youthful bosom warm,
Or raised therein the first alarm
Of Love's delight and lovers' cares;—

Oh, no, 't is something far more dear,
Than all the charms of youth, to me,

It is thy soul that I revere,
That soul so tender and sincere,
With all its virgin purity.

Then, let a love, so warm and true,
Find answering love, sweet girl, with thee;
'T is thus the moon delights to view
Her form reflected on the blue
Unruffled surface of the sea.

Yes, Harriet! angel as thou art,
To me thy love, thy life, consign!
Give me thy fond, devoted heart,
Then shall we ne'er in this life part,
But thou on earth be ever mine.

And when at last, immortal air
Shall waft us from this earthly shore,
On pinions such as angels wear,
We 'll wing to Heaven our flight, and there
Together live to part no more.

FAME.

Ah Fate! cannot a man
Be wise without a beard?
From East to West, from Beersheba to Dan,
Say, was it never heard,
That wisdom might in youth be gotten,
Or wit be ripe before 't was rotten?

He pays too high a price
For knowledge and for fame,
Who gives his sinews, to be wise,
His teeth and bones, to buy a name,
And crawls through life a paralytic,
To earn the praise of bard and critic.

Is it not better done,
To dine and sleep through forty years,
Be loved by few, be feared by none,
Laugh life away, have wine for tears,
And take the mortal leap undaunted,
Content that all we asked was granted?

But Fate will not permit
The seed of gods to die,
Nor suffer Sense to win from Wit
Its guerdon in the sky,
Nor let us hide, whate'er our pleasure,
The world's light underneath a measure.

Go then, sad youth, and shine!
Go, sacrifice to fame;
Put love, joy, health, upon the shrine,
And life to fan the flame!
Thy hapless self for praises barter,
And die to Fame an honored martyr.

TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

WHY, Disappointment, do we call thee stern,
And paint thee hideous? Thou art beautiful!
I see a seraph form within the clouds
That darken round thee—clouds in mercy sent
To veil the chosen and beloved of Heaven
From the meridian of the prosperous day.
A holy light sits in thy serious eye,
And tells thou art a ministering spirit, sent
To minister to those who are designed
Salvation's heirs; commissioned, from on high,
To snatch the poisoned bowl we blindly quaff,
Dash from our eager grasp the dangerous joy,
Destroy the growing idol of our souls;
To chase the vagrant, Hope, that, like the dove,
Flies o'er the troubled waters of this world
And finds no rest; to plant thy cloudy form
On every smiling spot that lures her on,
Till, taught by thee she has no home on earth,
Hope to the eternal Rock of Ages looks,
And settles there.

While man, with erring aim,
Would multiply the heart-entwining ties
That bind to earth, and, like the Cyprian king,
Welcomes the shackles—for the links are gold,—
Beside the willing slave, who hugs his bonds,
Fair minister of Heaven! I see thee stand,
Link after link, destroy those golden chains,
And force the reluctant captive to be free.
Thus, while a mourning and mistaking world
Wrongs and miscalls thee, monitress divine!
To me thou art a seraph, and to me,
Angel of sorrow! thou art beautiful.

THE PRESENT STATE OF KENILWORTH AND WARWICK CASTLES.

An extract from a Letter written in June, 1828.

THERE were several hours before sunset, and we had an object of interest near us, to which the genius of Scott has directed the thoughts of many thousands, the ruins of Kenilworth castle. We rode five miles, from Leamington; catching, as we approached, only partial glimpses of them, till we arrived before what was formerly the grand entrance into the outer court, an arched way passing between four towers. This is now built up and is used as a dwelling-house. The present entrance is on the north side of it. Upon being admitted into the outer court, which was formerly surrounded by a moated wall (enclosing about seven acres), of which there are still some remains, you see, on an eminence at the right, the imposing ruins of the castle. Two high, massive towers, nearly opposite to each other, present themselves, surrounded by the wrecks of other buildings. These stretch out behind *the towers*; and upon advancing in front, you perceive

a line of ruins connecting them at the farther extremity of the inner court. Some of the walls and towers are overgrown with masses of ivy, the stems of which, matted together, resemble the trunks of trees. We wandered about exploring different apartments. A thousand various recollections were awakened. The castle was erected at different periods. The stern tower to the north-east, with walls said to be sixteen feet in thickness in some parts, was built by the founder of the castle, Geoffry de Clinton, about the year 1120, in the reign of Henry the First. The buildings at the farther end of the court were the work of the Earl of Lancaster, son of Henry the Third, in the last half of the fourteenth century. We climbed to the top of what remains of them, and saw beyond a beautiful view of the surrounding country; while immediately below us, on one side, partly in an angle of the wall, was a very neat, well cultivated garden. The contrast of this with the desolate grandeur of the ruins was striking. In the Lancaster buildings was the grand banqueting hall. By making a little effort, we reached a large recessed window belonging to it, opening to another view of the country. Here we found a stone window-seat; and sat down where Elizabeth and Leicester had undoubtedly sat before. Our visit was prolonged till the approach of evening, and all was still and in repose, except the numerous swallows and the daws with their continual cawing.

Recollecting the vivid description of Scott, it was not difficult to imagine what had passed upon the scene now before us; the evening procession of Elizabeth with its long line of torches, the trampling of the horses, the riding to and fro, the shows, the clang of trumpets, the blaze of light, and the eagerness of the spectators and actors; some however occupied, without doubt, by distresses and anxieties wholly foreign from the occasion. Of those then present, with the exception of a very few, all traces have vanished from the memory of man; but they exist somewhere among the works of God; with thoughts and feelings how different from those with which they were then possessed!

The next morning we visited Warwick castle, the foundation of which was earlier than that of Kenilworth, being before the Norman conquest; but it is still in perfect preservation, as an inhabited palace. There is a fine view of it from the bridge over the Avon, between Leamington and Warwick. It appears with its towers in front and an extended range of buildings beyond, rising from a perpendicular rock, which forms the bank of the Avon, and is scarcely to be distinguished from the walls of the castle. Passing over the bridge, we soon came to the gateway of the principal entrance, and were admitted into a broad avenue, cut to the depth of eight or ten feet through the solid rock, its sides clothed with ivy and other vines, and overhung by trees. After proceeding about a hun-

dred yards, one of the castle towers appeared in all its grandeur, and then another and another; and we entered the inner court, through a gateway which they flanked and formerly defended, passing under a portcullis still remaining. The height of one of the towers is about one hundred, and of another, about one hundred and fifty feet. Entering the court, we saw on the left, which is the south side, the main part of the castle, the mansion of the proprietor. Before us was an artificial mound of unknown antiquity, upon which stands a watch-tower, and to the right, there were two towers, the court being surrounded by an embattled wall. Upon being admitted into the dwelling, we were conducted through a long suite of rooms, filled with memorials of other days, ancient armour, old pictures, portraits of historic personages, and antique furniture, rich and curious. Every thing was appropriate; all belonged to former times. Nothing here reminded us of wealth. What we saw was not to be purchased, or sold. We were in a treasury of historical remembrances, and of works of art, of which no one asks the price. Upon arriving at the last room, the doors being open, we looked through a vista of three hundred feet to the hall where we first entered. It added something to the effect of all this, that we were attended by a respectable old housekeeper, who seemed herself to be a piece of antiquity belonging to the family. When she showed us *the chapel*, we were pleased to be in-

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formed by her, that when the Earl and Countess resided here they regularly attended family prayers with their visitors.

I will mention a few of the objects which most interested us. Upon one side of the hall, is hung a collection of ancient armour, which is the first we have seen. One complete suit of plate armour is put together so as to form a standing figure. There is a history connected with some of the pieces. Among the pictures, I recollect, particularly, a portrait of the Marquis of Montrose, not a pleasing countenance, but harsh and coarse; one or two of Prince Rupert, whose face and figure are represented as eminently handsome; a bust of Edward the Black Prince; a portrait of Luther by Holbein, with his strong, broad, full, German face; and a full length of Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the sect of Jesuits, an imaginary portrait by Rubens. This is a magnificent picture. It is the representation of a man above the common size erect, firm, of great physical and moral strength, form ed to bend the wills and intellects of others to obe his own, with an expression of enthusiasm in his cour tenance half earthly, half religious. We stopped study a portrait of Machiavel, pale, calm, intellectu with some look of suffering, and a sickly cast rou very observing eyes. He holds a scroll in his hand, which are the words, *Deo, patriæ, tibi;* "For God

my country, for thee."* The whole seemed to countenance the more favorable view which has been given of his character. The Earl of Strafford's face answered to my conceptions of him, hard, determined, and politic. We saw portraits of many other noble and royal personages in English history, and were pleased to observe, in many cases, how well the likenesses had been preserved in the best prints of them. From a projecting window in one of the rooms, a hundred feet above the Avon, which flowed just below, there was a beautiful prospect of the rapid river with its romantic banks, the new bridge which crosses it, the ruins of an ancient one, the park, and the surrounding country.

We walked into the garden, through a path which winds to the top of the artificial mound, that I have mentioned, affording openings to lovely and picturesque views. It is shaded here and there by some magnificent old trees. We saw at a distance, on the opposite side of the river, the heronry, one of the very few of those ancient appendages of a baron's castle, still remaining. We then visited the spacious green-house; the centre of which is appropriated to the reception of the Warwick vase. This is an antique Bacchanalian vase, of great size (capable of holding one hundred

* Thus I read the words. It afterwards occurred to me that I might possibly have mistaken a long *s* for a *t*; and that I should have read, *Deo, patriæ, sibi*; "For God, his country, and himself."

and sixty-three gallons), formed of white marble, and finely sculptured. Its rim is circular, the circumference being twenty-one feet. The whole height of the vase is about six. The handles represent interwoven vine branches. Two panthers' skins are thrown over the rim, the heads and claws appearing; and below is a circlet of satyrs' heads. It was found near the ruins of Hadrian's villa, and passed through the hands of Sir William Hamilton into the possession of the Earl of Warwick. Its history, and the use for which it was intended, are matters of conjecture.

From the castle we proceeded to St. Mary's church, in the town of Warwick. The principal object of interest is the chapel connected with it, built in the fifteenth century, in pursuance of the will of the then Earl of Warwick, for the burial-place of his family. The monument of the founder was placed nearly in the centre of the chapel, in form somewhat similar to the tombs which are so common in our own burial-grounds. It is of grey marble, with the figure of the earl, clad in armour, of gilt brass, recumbent upon it. Opposite to it, by the wall, is a similar monument of Leicester, the favorite of Elizabeth, and of his last countess. The strong features of Leicester might be recognised in his effigy almost without the aid of the inscription. There were several other monuments of the same kind in the room. All this was very interesting; but I confess I had something like the feeling with which a weary

man receives a draught of cold water, when the woman who attended us, pointed out a nest, which a robin had built among the elaborate Gothic ornaments of the altar screens. The bird flew in at one of the windows, while we were looking at her nest.

In another building connected with the church, in a room which was formerly the Chapter-house, is the monument of Fulk Lord Brooke, with the famous inscription written by himself; "Fulk Greville, servant to Queen Elizabeth, counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney."

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A. N.

[We have a volume before us which is quite a literary curiosity. It is a thin quarto, entitled "Poems by Felicia Dorothea Browne," published in 1808. Till a short time since, we were ignorant of its existence.

Madame de Stael would not exchange that name for M. de Rocca's, to whom she was married late in life, because she had made it "vraiment Européen." We may boast that Mrs. Hemans has made her name "vraiment Americain." Few of our readers would probably recognise her in the appellation of the author of the volume just mentioned. But it contains poems written by her between the ages of eight and thirteen years.

Interesting, however, as it may well be to one who wishes to study the early developement of genius, still a volume of poems composed by so young an author can be fit only for the cabinets of the curious, and not to be circulated widely by republication. As, therefore, it is likely to be very rare in this country, we will extract two of the poems. The first appears to be among the earliest compositions which it contains; the second discovers very remarkable powers for the age at which it was written. It is a beautiful versification of Dr. Aikin's well known Allegory.

A. N.]

ON MY MOTHER'S BIRTH DAY.

CLAD in all their brightest green,
This day the verdant fields are seen;
The tuneful birds begin their lay,
To celebrate thy natal day.

The breeze is still, the sea is calm,
And the whole scene combines to charm;
The flowers revive, this charming May,
Because it is thy natal day.
The sky is blue, the day serene,
And only pleasure now is seen;
The rose, the pink, the tulip gay,
Combine to bless thy natal day.

F. D. B. *aged* 8.

PITY.

An Allegory, versified.

In that blest age when never care annoyed,
Nor mortals' peace by discord was destroyed,
A happy pair descended from above,
And gods and mortals named them Joy and Love.
Together had they seen each opening day,
Together shared each sportive infant play;
In riper years with glowing warmth they loved;
Jove saw their passion and his nod approved.
Long, happy did they live, when cruel fate
From bliss to misery changed their envied state.
Mankind grew wicked and the gods severe,
And Jove's dread anger shook the trembling sphere.
To Joy he sent his high behest to fly
On silken pinions to her native sky.
Reluctant she obeys, but Love remains,
By Hope his nurse, led to Arcadian plains;

When, from his starry throne, the mighty Jove
In thunder spoke: "Let Sorrow wed to Love!"
The awful, stern command Love trembling hears;
Sorrow was haggard, pale, and worn with tears,
Her hollow eyes and pallid cheeks confest,
That hapless misery "knows not where to rest."
Forced to submit, Love's efforts were in vain;
The Thunderer's word must ever firm remain.
No nymphs and swains to grace the nuptial day
Approach, no smiling Cupids round them play;
No festal dance was there, no husband's pride,
For Love in sadness met his joyless bride.
One child, one tender girl to love she bore,
Who all her father's pensive beauty wore;
So soft her aspect, the Arcadian swains
Had named her Pity—and her name remains.
In early youth for others' woe she felt;
Adversity had taught her how to melt.
Love's myrtle, Sorrow's cypress, she combined,
And formed a wreath which round her forehead twined.
She oft sat musing in Arcadia's shades,
And played her lute to charm the native maids;
A ring-dove flew for safety to her breast;
A robin in her cottage built its nest.
Her mother's steps she follows close; to bind
Those wounds her mother made; divinely kind,

Into each troubled heart she pours her balm,
And brings the mind a transitory calm.
But both are mortal; and when fades the earth,
The nymph shall die, with her who gave her birth;
Then to Elysium Love shall wing his flight,
And he and Joy for ever re-unite.

F. D. B. *aged* 11.

HYMN FOR AN INFANT SCHOOL.

[The following verses, which have not before been published, are sung by the children at the infant school in Liverpool. They are not only very pretty, and appropriate, but have a peculiar interest, from being written by one of the first scholars of the age, an eminent prelate of the English church, Bishop Bloomfield, then of Chester, now translated to London.

A. N.]

How we love our Infant school!
And our play-ground clean and neat!
When of boys and girls 't is full,
Playing there is quite a treat.

There we have such merry games!
And we never brawl nor fight;
Never swear nor call bad names;
No, nor ever scratch or bite.

When we get up to the swing,
Up and down again we go;
Each as merry as a king,
Though we 're not so great, we know.

But if we were rich, and great,
Fine, and grand, and dressed in lace,
Never could we happier be,
Never have a happier place.

How we love our Infant school!
And our play-ground clean and neat!
When of boys and girls 't is full,
Playing there is quite a treat.

THE BROOK.

PERPLEXING doubts were on my soul;
I threw aside my book,
And out into the fields I stole
Beside a little brook.

In sneering mood, I asked the stream,
That sporting by me ran,
To solve that enigmatic dream,
The *whence* and *why* of Man.

And the brook answered, "Wouldst thou hear
What Man should *do* and *be*,
Attend, with docile mind sincere,
My simple history.

"'Mid mountain-tops my birth I drew;
And smiling Heaven lay
Around me, with its bathing dew,
And pure, rejoicing ray.

"And low, sweet breathings stole along
That dim and cradling wood,
Weaving my first and latest song,
The song of gratitude.

"A tiny thing, I played about
The hills my birth had seen,
And stirred their depths with frolic shout,
And robed their glades in green.

"But helping rills my weakness nurst;
And, with my swelling growth,
From childhood's bounding haunts I burst,
In rushing glee of youth.

"But fond remembrance ever clings
To that sweet mountain home,
From whence, beyond all other springs,
My purest waters come.

"And now with gathered stores I go,
The messenger of good,
A fruitful blessedness to sow
With my enriching flood.

"I scatter blessings, as I pass;
Where'er my waters run,

A living wealth of verdant grass
Waves smiling in the sun.

" With laving life I walk the lawn;
And trooping flowers obey
My potent call, and, answering, dawn
All blushing into day.

" On earth's deep-hoarded fruits I call,
To yield their nursing store
To asking man and beast; and all
A ripe obedience pour.

" Sometimes I move, in Heaven's clear light,
'Mid humming haunts of men,
And now beneath the covering night
Of some deep, soundless glen;

" But crowded life and desert lone
My grateful warblings hear;
And sunny field and dim wood own
Alike my fostering care.

" To my transparent purity
There cleaves no tainting spot,
For dark defilement draws from me
A purity unsought.

" And thus a fruitful way I track
To that all-central Sea;
My task well-wrought, to render back
My borrowed treasury.

" Ponder my tale;—the spirit warm
With living piety
May, e'en in nature's meanest form,
A teaching moral see.

" A heart to thanks perpetual wrought;
Benevolence, that spans
All breathing kind; clear, stainless thought;—
Such noble aim be Man's."

COME FORTH.

COME FORTH! come forth! for the Morning's eye
Looks laughing out from a cloudless sky,
And, in the rush of her new-born might,
Gay Earth is dizzy with quick delight.

Come forth! come forth! for the leaping rills
Are frolicking down from a thousand hills,
And in their glassy transparency
Bright glimpses of other heavens you see.

Come forth! for the dews on the greensward lie,
Like drops of joy in a smiling eye;
And the sun kisses off from the leafy dell
The griefs, that bathed his last farewell.

Come forth! come forth! for the infinite woods
Are sounding through all their solitudes
With the noisy revel of waking life,
And the humming stir of a joyous strife

Come forth, ye young! for this happy time
Is a likeness of life's yet happier prime;
Let the breath of a thankful spirit rise
With glad Earth's swarming melodies.

Ye aged, come! 't is fit ye spy
The lights, that painted your morning sky;
For they image the hopes of that brighter morn
Shall soon on your waning spirits dawn.

Come forth! come forth! all breathing things!
Come, bathe in joy's out-breaking springs;
Let a burst of praise to the Holy One
Go up from all beneath the sun!

A WEDDING IN OLDEN TIMES.

December 20, 18—.

My little Betsey,

I know you will excuse your old great uncle of eighty winters for troubling you with a long epistle, especially since it is to be on a subject which has occupied so much of your attention of late. Your marriage crowded my old heart with many recollections of past times; and I could not resist the temptation of proving that I am yet far from the useless days of second childhood, by giving you some account of your grandfather's courtship and wedding,—that you may have the pleasure of contrasting it with your own. Besides, when your grandmother, or more probably your great aunts, dear superannuated spinsters, are railing at the degeneracy of modern times, you may make use of my narrative to confute their querulousness. But should you be ever thus obliged to derive benefit from my production, prithee pretty Bess, do not tell the old folks, that uncle Solomon, has turned state's evidence; for I fear, if they found me out, even the dignity of age would not prevent them from maltreating the grey-

headed turn-coat. However this may be, I am determined to amuse you. I must inform you before I begin, Betsy, that I was brother John's confidant—I think that is the modern term—through the whole story of his love; and further, that I officiated as bride-man—which is the nearest approach I have ever made towards matrimony.

Your grandfather had, as the saying is, been 'set up' in business, in a small shop, slenderly stocked with pins, tape, brocade, buttons, &c. about one year. He religiously took down his shutters, opened his door, swept out his warehouse, and dusted his goods *himself*, every morning by the time grey dawn broke; for those were the days when men grew rich by rising early and doing their own business, not by sleeping, as they do now, until breakfast, leaving their concerns in the hands of thoughtless boys. No, indeed! When I was a young man, we had no capital but our reputation for industry and punctuality. Honesty and labor were as much in fashion then, as dandy coats and starched cravats are now-a-days; and no sensible matron would allow her daughter to be courted by any young man who was not his own servant. To do your grandfather justice, he was even then considered a very thrifty young man; and as he had been very diligent in business and was full twenty-five years old, he did not think it being very dissipated, for him to engage in a sleighing party at the North End. This opinion was strengthened

when he learnt that the whole expense would not exceed four and sixpence.

The hour for starting, one P. M., was rapidly approaching; when your grandfather sallied forth, armed and equipped, to meet his friends at the appointed rendezvous. His second-best cocked-hat was tied under his chin by a blue cotton handkerchief, while his young cue protruded from behind as stiff as if it had been griped by the icy fingers of Jack Frost himself, instead of being strictly enveloped in eel-skin. An extensive camlet cloak, with a minute cape of six inches breadth, wrapt up his body, and covered his snuff-colored coat and small-clothes, which latter were met at the knees by a huge pair of stockings, drawn over shoes and all to keep out the snow. Yarn mittens protected his hands, and a woollen tippet was warmly tucked round his neck. People formerly, Betsey, dressed in unison with the weather and the occasion. The sleigh, the only double one then in Boston, a vast collection of unpainted boards, capable of containing a moderate load of thirty, drawn by a variegated team of six horses, and driven by black Cæsar, of immortal memory as a charioteer, waiter, and fiddler, was at the door when your grandfather arrived. Immediately, the party consisting of gentlemen, who, so far as dress was concerned, were fac-similes of your progenitor, and ladies enveloped in linsey-woolsey cardinals, the hoods of which were of such ample dimension, that their heads

looked like so many beer-casks, seated themselves in the vehicle. And away they went, animated by the jingle of one or two cow-bells, to take a cup of hot tea and have a dance at old Ma'am Thompson's at Dorchester. Cæsar on their arrival tuned his three stringed fiddle ; the gentlemen appeared in their square-toed pumps, and the ladies shook off their *pattens* to display their little feet in peaked-toed, high-heeled slippers. And at it they went, dancing and skipping for dear life, until eight o'clock, when they hurried back to town ; for to be abroad after nine o'clock on common occasions, was then a sure sign of moral depravity.

But Bess, I have not spun out this long story about the sleigh-ride for nothing. The pith of the matter is to come now. On this eventful eve, your grandfather was shot dead by Dan Cupid, or rather by Prudence Butler's eyes. He came home sighing and simpering, and looking very much like a fool. He dreamt all night of that taper arm so closely confined in tight brown silk, of that slender waist, with the broidered stomacher—and oh ! more than all, of her sweet ' blue een,' and that stray auburn ringlet, which the gipsy had allowed to escape unpowdered. The next day he went about, sighing like a blacksmith's bellows. And Sunday after Sunday he travelled down to the North Church, rigged out in his best attire, with his cornelian broach, paste buckles, lace frill-worked cravat and all, to get a peep at the blooming Prudence. And, verily,

I fear that her sylph-like form obtained more of John's attention than Dr. Barlow's sermons. Thus it went on, until he thought his circumstances would allow him to offer his heart and hand to the fair damsel.

Now Betsey, I suppose you are all on tip-toe, expecting to hear of a moonlight walk, a stolen kiss, a stammered confession, and a blushing answer. But you will be disappointed. Love had a much greater sense of propriety in those days. His votaries then had to deal with rigid old fathers and prudential mothers, instead of thoughtless girls. Your grandfather set himself down one morning at his desk, mended his pen, spread out a broad sheet of paper—and, after various trials, indited in a hand like copper-plate an humble letter to the parent of his beloved Prudence, stating the amount of his property, his yearly profits, &c. and requesting permission to pay his addresses to his daughter. John was, as I have already said, esteemed a very prudent young man, so that Mr. Butler felt no hesitation in returning an affirmative answer, and probably moreover he chuckled a little at the idea that Prudence was to make out so well.

Fortune had smiled kindly on brother Jack's love thus far, and now was come the trying, interesting hour when he was to make his first official visit. He shut up shop full five minutes before dark. He swallowed his tea in such haste as almost to excoriate his tongue. His cravat was tied and re-tied twenty times;

his hair as often touched and re-touched with pomatum and powder; and his three-cornered scraper was sleeked down like a well curried pony. In a word, he spent more time at his toilet on that eventful eve, than during his whole life previous. At last he started for the house of his fair charmer. Thrice he essayed to knock, and thrice essayed in vain. I verily believe he would have spent half the night in mustering up the requisite courage for a gentle love-tap, had I not helped his modesty with a thundering jerk of the knocker, and then run away and left him to answer for it himself.

John was ushered up stairs into a fearful circle, to begin his courtship. When the door of the parlour was opened, one side of the fireplace displayed a bevy of Prudence's maiden aunts, bridling in all the frigidity of single blessedness, knitting most vehemently, and casting, every time a new *row* was to be begun, sharp and scrutinizing glances at the young spark, over their round-eyed spectacles. On the other side was Mr. Butler, stretched at his ease in an arm-chair, in a black cap instead of his wig, wrapt in a blue gown, with his breeches unbuttoned at his knees, quietly smoking his pipe. Mrs. Butler, in her chintz dress and mob cap, was at his side, engaged in making patchwork; whilst the lovely Prudence sat quite erect by her mamma, with her pin-cushion and house-wife dangling from her waist, and her eyes cast down, diligently pricking her fingers instead of her sampler. Courting was sober

business in old times. Your grandfather seated himself much nearer the spinsters, than his deary. He showed his affection, very properly, by keeping at a respectful distance. He passed the evening, in talking of politics and the scarcity of money, with his future father-in-law; in assisting his future mother-in-law to arrange her party-colored squares; in picking up the balls of yarn as they were respectively dropped by the maiden aunts; now and then casting sly sheep's-eyes at Prudence, at every instance of which familiarity the aforesaid maiden ladies dropped a stitch! As soon as the bell rung nine, he gave one tender squint at your grandmother and took his leave. This was the old-fashioned way of paying attentions; and this your grandfather performed every night, excepting when he was allowed to escort Miss Prudence to some neighbouring tea-party.—Betsey, are you not shocked at the degeneracy of modern times? Only think, that now young ladies and gentlemen, as soon as they are engaged, and this often happens before they are out of their teens, are permitted to walk all alone by moonlight, and to have a parlour to themselves a whole winter's evening. Alack-a-day, as your great aunt Thankful says, what is the world coming to!

Matters proceeded in this quiet and proper way for some time, until the final question was put, and the night of the wedding appointed. Ample time, however, was allowed for the consultations of the three

aunts,—the seventy times seven examinations of the same articles, before a vote for their purchase could be obtained. John was obliged to neglect his business sadly, and to ambulate from one end of the town to the other with the spinsters, Mrs. Butler, and Prudence, to 'look at' andirons, candle-sticks, pots, kettles, &c.—But, Betsey, as I do not hear that the world has grown wiser in these respects, and as I fear the same endless preparation is as necessary to marriage now, as was then, I will avoid the charge of garrulity, and hasten on with my story.

It was a clear cold December night, the night of the wedding. The best parlour in Mr. Butler's mansion reflected from its well waxed, oaken pannel work, the light of a dozen sconces. A glowing fire blazed in the spacious chimney—the jambs of which were ornamented with the scripture stories of Sampson, Daniel, Joseph, and the Prodigal Son, represented in sky blue on squares of china, and made more engaging by the judicious introduction of the costume of the eighteenth century. The vast looking-glass, deep set in a real mahogany frame, gave such a likeness of the blaze that you would hesitate whether to warm yourself at the real or the imaged fire. The solid, leather-bottomed chairs flanked the equally substantial lion-footed tables, like so many sturdy old patriots. In short, in every thing, what was wanting in grace and beauty was supplied by weight and comfort.

Presently the company began to assemble. There were then no hackney-coaches. Ladies and gentlemen both made use of nature's carriages; and cousin after cousin, belle after belle, came trotting along to Mr. Butler's in their *pattens* with as much glee, as if they had been drawn by four royal greys. All at last were collected, and waiting only for the parson. Old Mr. Butler, in his full-bottomed wig, velvet coat and breeches, gold buckles, and waistcoat reaching to the knees, conversed with his brother merchants on the usual topics. Mrs. Butler, in her pale brocade and snowy cap, only rivalled by her neck-handkerchief, was seen ever and anon to wipe away a truant tear. The maiden aunts, stiff as pokers, were giving to sister spinsters most minute accounts of Prudence's domestic arrangements, and were particularly eloquent in relating the many wonderful bargains they had made in conducting the purchases. The young men in their Sunday suits, throwing off clouds of flour every time they moved their heads, stood dangling their steel watch-chains, and making formal speeches to the young ladies, who sat, with their cushioned head-gear, bolt upright, flirting their two-foot fans, and blushing and simpering with maidenly propriety. At last Dr. Barlow appeared, full dressed with gown, cassock, and bands,—with a wig, that seemed to consist of a whole unsheared sheep-skin. For a parson to have attended a wedding in simple black coat and pantaloons, sixty

years ago, Betsey, would have been deemed rank heresy. Indeed I have been inclined to think that half the power of ministers in my day lay in their wigs.

The presence of the divine was a signal for the appearance of Cæsar, in a green coat plentifully studded with steel buttons (probably the *courting* coat of Mr. Butler, for coats lasted out generations, in old times), bright red breeches, blue stockings, and yellow vest; followed by Cleopatra with her flaming copper-plate gown, and hoop to imitate the ladies. The former sustained a mahogany tray, shining like his face, sprinkled all over with those very little tea-cups, which, I believe, made their last appearance in your baby-house, Betsey; the latter bore a twin waiter, loaded with nut-cakes, symbols, and bread and butter. This ebony procession appeared and disappeared three several times; and then the bridal party entered. First came two pretty maidens, who longed I dare say, to be in Prudence's shoes, in white dimity, with the eternal up-heaved top-knots, escorted by another gentleman and myself, in blazing scarlet. Next came the happy pair; Prudence slightly suffused, with her eyes bent towards the ground—not her head, for, loaded as it was, the slightest inclination of it might have produced a motion somewhat like that of a top-heavy corn-stalk witch; John, moving and looking as awkward as a boy whose free limbs have been shaken for the first time into jacket and trowsers.—But stop, I am too general. It

will never do, not to be particular on such a subject as wedding dresses.

To begin with the lady; her long locks, were strained upward over an immense cushion, that sat like an incubus on her head, and then plastered over with pomatum, and sprinkled with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rose-bud lay upon its summit like an egg on a hay-stack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front by a bosom-pin rather larger than a dollar, consisting of your grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in a satin dress, the sleeves tight as the natural skin to the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, from whence the skirt flowed off, and was distended at the ancles by an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches' elevation, enclosed her feet, and glittered with spangles, as her little pedal members peeped curiously out. There, Betsey; a London milliner could not have described the bridal garments more accurately. Now for the swain. Your grandfather slept in an arm-chair the night before his wedding, lest the arrangement of his pericranium, which had been under the hands of a barber the whole afternoon, should be disturbed. His hair was sleeked back and plentifully befloured, while his cue projected like the handle of a skillet. His coat was of sky-blue silk, lined with yel-

low ; his long vest, of white satin, embroidered with gold lace; his breeches, of the same material, and tied at the knee with pink ribbon. White silk stockings and pumps, with clocks and ties of the same hue, completed the habiliments of his nether limbs. Lace ruffles clustered around his wrists, and a portentous frill, worked in correspondence, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his truly genteel appearance.

The party soon arranged themselves, and Dr. Barlow, with a dreadfully solemn air, united the lovers in the holy bonds of matrimony. The three maiden aunts, probably reflecting upon their lonely state, snivelled audibly. Mrs. Butler put her handkerchief to her eyes, and Mr. Butler gave a loud hem as if to clear his throat. After the ceremony the parson made a long and serious address to the young couple, during which the old ladies looked meaningly at the young damsels, who pertly pouted with their pretty lips, and played with pretty feet rather impatiently on the floor; whilst the young beaux hunched each other with their elbows and grinned slyly. The speech over, and when all the company had saluted the bride with loud and hearty kisses, which sounded like an irregular discharge of small arms, Cæsar's fiddle began to speak audibly. The new married pair slided through a minuet, and then the whole company danced and romped until supper was announced.

And such a supper! I might as well attempt to give an idea of the flavor of venison on paper, as of this supper. At each end of the table, attended by a pair of ducks, lay a glorious turkey, flat on his back as if inviting dissection. Next came two luscious hams, with graceful overshadowing box; then sausages, garnished with fried apples; then smoked two tender sirloins of beef; then the golden salmon;—in short the table groaned under the weight of flesh, fish, and fowl of all sorts and kinds. At each corner, rested a huge pumpkin pudding, surrounded with numerous satellites of tarts and jellies; and in the very centre of the board, stood the wedding cake, with its snowy covering of sugar, studded with flowers and ginger, full as large round as a bushel basket. Strict justice was done the repast. The ladies ate as though they lived by eating, the gentlemen as if they were hungry, the parson as if he loved it. Many jokes were cracked. Many a good wish to the new married pair was drunk, and the company separated in high spirits. Cæsar drove the bride and bridegroom, in Mr. Butler's one-horse, square-top chaise, to their own dwelling, where they lived long and happy,—although Prudence neither played on the piano nor read Italian.

If, Bess, this narrative affords you as much pleasure in reading of old times, as it has Uncle Solomon in recalling them, I shall be satisfied.

P. S. Your grandmother spoke out the *obey* so as to be heard *distinctly* all over the room.

GLIMPSES.

O'ER the broad world a cloud, fold after fold,
Of heavy, massive darkness was unrolled,
Like a vast dome, so thick that not a ray
Of the intolerable day,
That with celestial radiance blazed,
And filled the universe beyond,
Could pierce it; but along the horizon's bound,
In the far East, that cloud was slightly raised,
Opening a narrowed line from whence a few
Pure rays of gathered brightness struggled through,
Making an awful twilight in that tomb
Of measureless and solitary gloom.

Into the twilight vast of Time,—
Into his being, drear and dim,—
Into earth's mysteries, with a wild
And dizzy eye forth leaped the child.
Tremblingly, as if subdued
By a most holy awe, he stood;
With the profoundest awe of one,
Who, when the rounded moon is bright,
And the broad heavens are full of light,

In a far solitude doth stand alone,
'Neath the deep shadow of some mountain wild,
With crag o'erjutting crag up-piled;
Whilst from beneath,
With hushed and long drawn breath,
He hears the eternal tides' incessant roar,
And sees the heavy waves roll darkling in to shore.

Knowledge he had not; all that met his view,
The universe—each thing of time and change—was new;
Knowledge he had not, but instead, a sense
Of want;—desire, forth-reaching and intense,
To grasp all mysteries yet withheld,
Within his throbbing bosom swelled.
And a deep love of truth—an instinct strong,
To prompt him to the right, and warn him from the wrong.

Forth into being leaped the boy,
His whole soul turbulent with joy,
And full of strong desire to win
Those gates where burst that Heaven in;
But conscious that his path must be
A path of constant victory;—
Conscious that the strength alone,
Which from encountered foes was won,

Would bear him forward on his way,
Upward and onward to the day.

He met with foes;—
Within, around, they thickly rose.
At first his very weakness checked
His course. He strove, like a faint sailor wrecked
Upon a midnight sea, who toils against the strain
Of an outcoming tide, an unseen shore to gain.

And then that dreaming, soul-felt bliss
Whose being is deep loneliness,
Did lure his footsteps, like a bird
Which in the quiet night is heard
Far in the windless solitude
Of a moonlit, shadowy wood,
Singing alone its mellow tune
To the solitary moon.
And now it called with that louder voice
We hear when multitudes rejoice
With the dance, and song, and a festal train
Stepping airily on to a sprightly strain.
Then the maddening passions came
Like a red sirroc,—rage, lust, hate;
And they scorched and blackened the heart with flan
And left its greenness desolate.

Then from afar fell on his startled ear,
As they came one by one, distinct and clear,
Great names to which the nations bend them, sent
By a strong trump up the steep firmament.
And far away he heard the dim, vast crowd,
Who, as each name was called, did shout thereat
aloud.
—He yearned to be one of those mightier ones
For whom the cringing sons of earth build thrones.

And then a leaden heaviness
Upon his struggling soul did press;
And dim became the searching eye
With striving to take in infinity.
And onward still he urged, but still in vain,
Like one in night dreams, who *must* strain,
Though strengthless, faint, up a steep mountain's side,
And feel his slippery path for ever 'neath him slide.

And then amid the thicker glooms
Of overshadowing doubt, he struggled on,—
A blind man, crutch in hand, forlorn, alone,
Groping, 'midst graves and broken tombs
And the frail subjects of decay,
His faltering, lost, o'erclouded way.

But from all peril freed at last,
Unbowed, triumphant, hath he past.
He bursts from clouds into the bright
And overwhelming sea of light,
Which in an everlasting flood
Forth issues from the throne of God.
Th' Immortal! He hath rent the chains
That weak mortality constrains.
He ne'er hath fallen, he ne'er hath bent
To earth's voluptuous blandishment;
Therefore to his weak eye at length
Is given a clear, unblenching strength,
To pierce the burning cloud of light
Which hides the deepening infinite.
Therefore each sealed truth by degrees
Shall be unfolded to his eyes.
Unchecked, unstayed, may he go on,
Till Virtue and himself are one.

Oh man, be pure, have faith, be free from chance,
And sense, and circumstance,
By earthly lusts be unsubdued,
And thou art blest with a celestial dower,
That gives thy spirit power,
To grasp infinitude.
Trust thou in God, thou frail and weak;
Lean, mortal, on his strength, and go on proudly meek.

A CASTLE IN THE AIR.

WHEN, tired of dull realities,
I beg a truce of anxious care,
Abroad my busy fancy flies,
And builds a castle in the air.

Health, competency, peaceful life,
A friend or two from childhood known,
A cheerful, home-contented wife,
Whose gentle heart is all my own;

A roof whose shelter they might share
Who gave me life and formed my youth,
And, clustering round the honored pair,
Bright infant forms of health and truth;

Of these, and such like precious things,
Materials of happiness
From every side the artist brings
To form her edifice of bliss:

Till, at the growing pile elate,
I claim the promised refuge there;
But when I seek its friendly gate,
Alas! 't is but a house of air.

LONGING.

From Goethe.

What undefined yearning
So stirs my troubled breast?
Why this unsmothered burning
For something unpossest?
My heart—my heart is swelling,
And straining to break free;
And bounds of human dwelling
Are all too strait for me.
See! there the clouds are veiling
The rocks in dusky shroud;
Would I with them were sailing,
Would I might be a cloud!

The ravens now are winging
The air in social flight,
And up on pinions springing
I with their train unite.

Round mount and wall decaying
We wheel in giddy maze;
Below a maiden straying,
She wins alone my gaze!

She cometh there to wander;
And I, on pinion fleet,
A bird of song, to yonder
Dim, bushy dell retreat.
She, lingering, listeneth meetly,
And saith, with smiling glee,
"He singeth, oh! how sweetly,
And singeth all for me!"

The parting sun, suffusing
The heights with golden red,
Breaks not the maiden's musing,—
She heeds not he hath sped.
She roameth o'er the meadows,
Along the racing stream,
While deeper grow the shadows,
That round her pathway teem.

At once to Heaven up-glancing
I shine a twinkling star;
"What light is o'er me dancing,
So near and yet so far?"

And hast thou, then, my shining
  Admiringly confest?
Lo! at thy feet reclining
  I thus indeed am blest!

SONNET.

Sound out the dirge o'er the departing year;
Surge after surge of Time's eternal sea
Over its sounding ocean-floor goes by,
In the thick-clouded past to disappear.

A Jubilee! The infinite coming time!
Its waves flow out from clouds; but clouds how bright
With an infused, warm, hazy, trembling light;
And joy is in their deep, triumphant chime.

Thus onward do the eternal ages flow.
Man, who art cast upon this shoreless flood,
But with a quick, indwelling power indued,
To breast it,—struggle bravely on; for know
That thou by thine own strength must win the light,
Or backward be o'erborne into that sea of night.

CHARLES HERBERT,

A COLLEGE STORY.

It was a beautiful, mild, summer evening, when a lady, and a fine, animated looking boy, were seen walking slowly through a little green lane that led to a wood. There was an expression of deep anxiety in the mother's face, for it was a mother and her son, and she was to part with him on the morrow. He was her delight, her dearest earthly hope, and her heart was full of grief at the thought of the approaching separation. She wanted to give a few parting words of advice to her son; but when she would speak, she found that she could not utter herself. A dreadful oppression came over her, and she thought that perhaps if she were in the open air she might recover herself; she had therefore asked him to walk with her to the wood. Charles Herbert was a true spirit of gladness; he was full of sweetness and intelligence; the fountain of happiness in his innocent heart seemed sparkling up into his clear, bright, blue eye. He loved his mother with

his whole heart; and gay and volatile as he was, a look from her could sober him in a moment, a reproof would bring the tears to his eyes; and if he saw her sad, he could not be happy till he had, by his efforts to please her, chased away the clouds from her brow and restored her serenity.

"Tomorrow you leave me, my dear boy," said his mother, as she seated herself on the grass under a favorite old oak, where she had often sat down with him before; where she had brought him in her arms when he could not go alone, and set him down among the wild flowers; and where her maternal heart had pronounced that earth did not bear on its bosom aught so sweet and lovely as her own bright, laughing boy, that there were no flowers so beautiful as his golden ringlets, and no perfume so sweet as his balmy breath. He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow; his father had died when he was six months old, and this was a sorrow that could not pass away; but this child had been an angel of consolation to her, and her heart had clung to it with all that tenderness and strength of which human love is capable. As she spake to her son, all this rushed to her mind, and in spite of her efforts she burst into a flood of tears. Charles seated himself quietly by his mother on the ground, and laid his head gently on her bosom; his buoyant spirits were completely quelled, and for some moments there was perfect silence. At last he said, "Dear mother, don't

have any fears about me; though I shall be away from you at College, yet I shall try to please you there as much as I do here, and I shall spend my vacations with you, and four years will soon be gone, and then we shall never again be separated; for you know you will go with me, you say, let me live where I will. So, dear mother, don't cry any more; you know you want me to be a minister, and I must go away first." "I do indeed wish you to be a minister, my dear boy, whether you enter upon this sacred profession or not; I wish you so to understand and so to teach the religion of our divine Master by your life and actions, that the ignorant shall be instructed, the wicked rebuked, the good encouraged, and the sorrowful comforted by your example; a good man is ever a Christian minister. Never forget your mother, never forget your true happiness, never forget that you are always in the presence of God, never act against your conscience, for this is the voice of God in your heart." "Oh I am sure I shall not, mother," said Charles; "I never can forget you; I would sooner die than disgrace you; I never can act against my conscience." "You make a rash promise, Charley; do you remember that the other day, when Tom Saunders asked you to go shooting with him, you said you did not want to go because you thought I should not like it, and that when he laughed and said that you were a milksop and were tied to your ma's apron strings, you went merely because you did not like to be laughed at?"

"Yes, I remember it very well," said Charles, "for I did not enjoy myself a moment of the time, and I should not have gone but I thought that he might suppose I was afraid; and I really do not like to be laughed at, mother." "This is your weakness, my son," said his mother, "and if you do not guard against it, it will be your ruin, and you will break your mother's heart; oh, it were far better to consign you now to the grave, and to feel myself alone in a dying world, than see you a wanderer from duty and an outcast from happiness and heaven." "Fear not, dear mother," said Charles; "I will pray for strength to resist temptation." "Oh yes, my son, pray fervently, constantly, to the Father of spirits for his spirit to guide and support you. To thee, oh God, I commit my child!" Then, as if forgetting that any one was present, she prayed from the very depths of her soul, that the Father of the fatherless and the widow's God would be ever with her son and protect him from all evil.

This elevation of her thoughts to her Creator, calmed her troubled spirits; and in place of the painful anxiety that she had felt, there sprung up in her heart a deep, calm, and holy trust, that the offering she had made of her beloved son to God, would be accepted, and that it would not be in vain that she had striven to raise his young mind to the fountain of light, and strength, and true felicity. She arose with her boy, to return to the house, and she felt comforted; the sun had set, and the shades of evening gathered round the

mother and her child, but there was the pure light of devotion and love in their hearts.

At that moment Charles would not have forgiven any one who had intimated that he could ever be tempted to do any thing to give his mother pain, or that he could ever be induced to violate the law of God written upon his conscience.

The next morning he left his mother for Cambridge; she had spent most of the night in prayer, and there was a holy calmness in her aspect, when she embraced her boy in the morning. "God bless you, my son, and keep you from the evil that there is in the world!" These were her parting words, and they sunk deeply into Charles's heart. No boy of fourteen ever left his mother, the arms and the roof that sheltered his infancy, without a pang; but Charles had a heart that was "apt to feel," and when, upon getting into the stage, he found that he was alone, he gave way to a torrent of tears, that he had before with great difficulty restrained. Oh let no boy be ashamed of such tears; there is something in the word *mother*, in the thought of *home*, that should move the soul to its very depths, that should stir up the fountain of all pure and tender feelings; it is holy nature in the child, it is holy nature in the man, it is alike graceful and honorable in both.

But there were peculiar reasons why Charles should recognise the sacred character of these ties. We repeat, in the touching words of Scripture, "he

was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." Before he retired to his bed that night, when he was alone in his room, he resolved to write in a small pocket bible, that his mother had given him that morning, all that she had said to him the night before, and her last words to him. While he was writing, the boy who was to be the companion of his room came in. It was the same Tom Saunders, that Mrs. Herbert had before spoken of. This boy prided himself upon his spirit, and had a sort of smartness that he took for wit; he and Charles had been fitted for college at the same school, and they called themselves friends. He had borne a good character, and when it was proposed by his mother to Mrs. Herbert, that they should have a room together, she could make no objection to it, for she knew nothing against him; but had she known how dangerous a companion he would prove to her son, worlds would not have tempted her to expose him to such a trial. As he entered, observing that Charles looked very sober and was writing, he said, "Well, Charles, what a solemn face you have got on; writing too, so soon; you will have enough of that by and by. But I wonder if you are not writing a doleful ditty to your mamma, telling her you are homesick already, and sending messages to all the folks; if so, please to give my love to our friend Rover, and my compliments to that most respectable grey cat of yours, and ask her how the leather spectacles suit her that I presented her with the last time we

met." Charles's heart was too full of home to be able to bear a joke even upon the cat, and this, joined to the fear of being ridiculous, made him feel vexed for a moment; but his love for his mother conquered every other feeling this time, even his fear of ridicule. I don't like your nonsense now, Tom; I am not writing to my mother, but I am writing down what she said to me last evening, and the words of her blessing this morning, and I trust that her prayers for me may be answered, and that I may be kept from the evil that is in the world.

Although Charles's expressions and feelings were, in the main, right in this case; yet the fear of being ridiculous to his friend had affected him in a measure, and given a degree of fretfulness to his manner, and taken something from the effect which a quiet confidence in the uprightness and true dignity of the feeling that was in his heart, for his mother and his home, ought to have given him. What he said, however, silenced his friend; and very soon blessed sleep sealed up the eyelids of the tender-hearted, sensitive boy, whose last thought that night was of his solitary mother.

The limits of a short story will not allow a detail, that might perhaps have some use in it, of the various trials of this sort that Charles met with in the first year of his college life. We lament to say that this fault which we might almost affirm was the only one he had, his weak fear of a laugh, of the ridicule of the unprincipled, strengthened, and was fast becoming a danger-

ous enemy to his virtue. His purity, his uprightness, his love for his mother, yet remained unsullied; but the following conversation between him and his mother in the winter of his sophomore year, will show that there was reason for the intense anxiety that she was beginning to suffer about him. One Saturday afternoon, when he was at home, his mother entered the room and found him imitating an actor in the play of Hamlet; he was so absorbed in what he was doing that he did not see her at first, and when he heard her say, "Charles, I see that you go to the theatre," he started, colored, and looked ashamed. His mother looked at him for a few minutes, and then said, "This, Charles, is the first time that I have ever felt pain in looking in your face. God grant, that what has hitherto been my dearest joy, may not become my deepest sorrow." As she said this, her eye that had been raised to Heaven as she spoke, remained fixed. Charles threw aside the cloak that he had put on in order to imitate the attitudes of Hamlet, and running up to his mother said, "Mother, I will tell you all. I think I should have told you at any rate, for I cannot bear to have a secret from you. I have been at the play twice; I refused at first, and I really would rather not have gone; Tom tried coaxing and persuading me, but I stood out against it all; but at last he said that it was because I was afraid of my ma', as he called you; and then he described a most ludicrous scene that he imagined would take place between us, when you knew

it. I told him that he knew that it was against the laws of college; but he laughed, and answered that no boy of spirit minded that. Then he described a government meeting when they found it out, and he mimicked every one of the officers, and made the whole so laughable that I laughed with him, for I could not help it; he said that all that I should get by not going would be, to be laughed at by my friends, and that if I did not want to be set down as a prig, I had better go; and at last, rather than be laughed at, and called a prig, I went. And, mother, after all, it is a foolish law, and I shall improve myself in speaking by going, and I don't see so much harm in it."

Mrs. Herbert was perfectly silent for some minutes; she was aware of all the dangers with which her son was surrounded; she was aware that his best protection under Heaven was his confidence in her. She was like a mother who sees her child on a precipice which he is unconscious of, when another step may plunge him into the gulf below, and who checks every motion, and stills even her throbbing heart, while she thinks only of the best means to call him back. She saw that his love for her was the same as ever, that the habit of confiding every thing to her was unbroken, and she felt that his tenderness for her was his best protection. She began to answer him with the greatest gentleness and in the most affectionate tone; she thanked him for his confidence; she spoke to him with the most perfect calmness; she set before him the danger of his conduct, the

weakness of his arguments, the unmanliness of being turned aside from what he considered duty, by a laugh; but she used no authority. She spoke to him as to an equal, a friend. She acknowledged the difficulty of always acting from principle, but she set before him the happiness, the infinite felicity of a perfect conquest over self, of a noble sacrifice to conscience, and of obedience to the will of God in all things. Charles, who was aware of his fault in spite of his excuses, expected to be severely blamed by his mother: he knew her stern notions of duty; and her soft and affectionate tone of voice, and her gentle rebuke, melted his heart: she had said nothing of herself and her own sufferings; she had thought only of him. What heart can fail to be touched by a mother's disinterestedness. "Mother, dear mother," said Charles, "I am not worthy to be your son; the next time I am tempted, I will remember you; only forgive me now." "God will give you strength, my dear boy," said his mother; "in him I trust." As she uttered this prayer, she put her hand on his head, and looked up as though she saw far beyond these visible heavens.

Charles returned to college with a firm resolution, that the next time his friend Tom Saunders went to the theatre and urged him to go with him, he would refuse; and he did so. But he did nothing further to cure his fault; for, instead of telling his friend that it was against his principles to go there, and that it would displease

his mother, and that therefore he would not do it, he made an excuse of having a particular engagement that made it impossible. "We shall not let you off next time, Charles," said Tom; "that is to say, if you are not afraid to go." "I told you," said Charles, "that I had a particular engagement this evening; you know that what man dares, I dare; don't talk of fear to me." This disingenuousness and real cowardice brought the blush of shame into Charles's face when he was alone. He felt so truly degraded at his want of truth and courage, that he enjoyed no pleasure from his self-denial, and felt half sorry that he had not gone with his friend; so true is it, that the mind cannot be satisfied with any thing short of the most perfect rectitude. Charles knew that his noble-minded mother would not have been satisfied with the sacrifice that he had made to her; he was not pleased with himself, but he could not yet make up his mind to take a bold stand against his companions; he could not brave Tom's wit; he trembled at the laugh of fools; he was yet a slave to the fear of ridicule, and it was only by a bitter experience that he could be cured of his sinful weakness.

The next time Tom went to the theatre he came for Charles. "Come, Charles," said he, "your favorite play, Hamlet, is to be performed this evening. You are not engaged, for I heard you say so to some one who said he was coming to your room. Harry and

George are going with us, and we are to have an oyster supper afterwards; and go you must and shall." Charles hesitated, and wanted to refuse. "Poh!" said Tom; "there is not time enough to send and ask mamma's and the cat's leave. No or yes? yes is the word; I 'll call for you in ten minutes." When Charles was left alone, "I will not go," said he to himself, and he breathed freer at the thought; "but how silly," said he, "and capricious he will think me; I shall never hear the last of it, if I don't go; and besides, I half promised, and I suppose he has engaged a ticket for me. I don't see that I can help it now, and, after all, there is no real harm in going to the theatre. As Tom says, it is an absurd law. Well, I must go this once, I believe." A thought of his mother glanced across his mind, and brought an expression of sadness to his face, but the entrance of his friend Tom and his noisy mirth chased it away. He went to the theatre, and his imagination and feelings were so wrought upon and excited by the play, that, except between the acts and in the dull parts, he thought he was happy. But though he talked and laughed loud and seemed merry, he was not happy; for there was a voice speaking reproaches to him, and he heard it in the midst of the gaiety that he affected to feel. When the play was over, he made no objections to joining his companions at the oyster supper; there he laughed and ate and drank, till his spirits were raised, and his head confused, and his con-

science silenced for the time. It was discovered that he went to the theatre, and he was fined; but this was no evil, compared to that which his mind had received; his nice sense of right he had wilfully violated; passion, and love of pleasure, had made a breach in the entrenchment which virtue and religion had hitherto kept round his heart; he had been excited by wine so as to laugh at jests that he would before have been ashamed of listening to, and to tolerate profaneness at which he would, in his senses, have only shown his indignation. This he had never done before; for though Charles's friend Tom was a dangerous companion for him, his taste was too good to adopt this low method of proving himself a man; he knew it was vulgar. But even the refined devotee to pleasure, rather than not have companions and flatterers, will at last associate with the more gross sensualists, and this was Tom Saunders's case; he was aware of the low character of Harry and George, and was therefore peculiarly anxious to initiate Charles into the life of amusement which he himself led. Charles's generosity, frankness, refinement, and playfulness really won Tom's heart, and he was determined to cure him of his fear of doing wrong, and make him the companion and partaker of his systematic devotion to pleasure. Pleasure! how is the name profaned! how barren, how worthless, how sickening to the soul, even of those who pretend to enjoy them, are the pursuits that they call by the name of pleasure! Had any one seen

the lovely boy that we described at first, walking in the green lane with his mother, looking up in her face with the innocence and sweetness of an angel, a brightness in his countenance that might have "made a sun-shine in a shady place," and seen Charles Herbert the morning after the evening we have described, they would not have believed them one and the same being. The wine, which he was not accustomed to, made him sick; and that deadly ennui and lassitude assailed him which ever follows violent excitement. Besides, whatever the other boys thought of the question of the morality and propriety of going to the theatre contrary to the laws of college, Charles, in his secret conscience, thought it wrong; it was in vain that he had tried to convince himself that it was right; he still found a little troubled spot in his heart, that told him he had done wrong, that he had wounded his moral sense.

A little circumstance occurred in the course of this, perhaps the only unhappy day that Charles had ever passed, that revealed to him his own state of mind. He could not bear to be alone; and he went to call upon a lady in the town, who had been very kind to him from the simple circumstance that he was a widow's only son. There was an instinctive feeling that led him to her, just as he would have gone to his mother. She was one of those blessed spirits that fulfil the law of love in every action of their lives, who think nothing too tri-

fling or too difficult that can add to the happiness of a fellow being; every one had a feeling of protection when with her. Had Charles done a good deed, he would have gone to her for sympathy in his happiness; and now he had done what he thought wrong, he felt as if her kindness might sooth his wounded spirit, and seem to him like compassion and pardon.

"My dear," said she, when he entered, "you look sick; I am very glad to see you; your mother is not here and I must be your mother; what is the matter?" "Nothing," said Charles. "Oh, but something is," said Mrs. ——, "or else you have some trouble in your heart; nothing has happened, I hope." There was in Charles's character, and in his face, a transparency that made the slightest trouble perceptible. He was incapable of disguise; he stammered and was trying to account for his appearance, when visiters entered. A gentleman, who had been at the theatre the evening before, was describing in glowing language the talents of the actors who performed Hamlet. Charles, who had a keen relish for fine acting, and if his conscience had been satisfied, would have enjoyed himself highly, could not help listening with great attention to the conversation.

"It is not quite right," said his kind friend, Mrs. ——, "to talk so about the theatre before the young gentlemen who belong to the college; it is against the law for them to go; and though many go, I fear, yet

here is one who, I believe, would deny himself, if it were only to please his mother, and he is eagerly swallowing every word you say; it is not fair to entice him thus to do what is wrong." Charles blushed a deep crimson; his heart smote him. For the first time in his life he felt the misery of shame, the agony of undeserved praise. He soon returned to his room; there he found Tom Saunders with his two companions; they had come, they said, to talk over the play; they had got a bottle of wine. They all began to joke Charles about his gravity. "Come, cheer up," said Tom, "and show yourself a man. They say that we spirited fellows are sad dogs; but I leave it to you all, if Charles does not look most like a sad dog; poor fellow! very sad, indeed;" here he patted his head; "let 's give him a bumper to raise his spirits." Charles took the wine, for he could not bear his own emotions, and at last he worked himself up to a sort of gaiety, and they parted for the night; he trying to forget the monitions of his conscience, trying to harden his heart; and his companions rejoicing at their conquest over him. As they went home together, Harry said to George, "We shall make something of Charles by and by; he is coming on, and we shall cure him of his chicken-heartedness before long; he 'll turn out a good pigeon yet; he indulged himself in saying 'By George,' to-night, and I think I heard him call upon that respectable personage, the devil, once or twice; we 'll teach him to *play* the

devil as well as *say* the devil, soon." This was accompanied by one of those heartless laughs which empty-headed profligacy calls merriment.

Such was the pitiful triumph of which Charles was the object. These young men had perhaps no deep design of wickedness, but Charles had expressed disgust two or three times at their profaneness, and had never shown any inclination for their society; they were rich, and really unprincipled, and resolved to be revenged upon him by bringing him to a resemblance of themselves. Well is it called diabolical, this triumph of the tempter over the tempted!

It is melancholy to confess that Charles was now advancing in the downward path; if he could not resist ridicule at first, when he had the strength which a consciousness of innocence gives, when he had not felt the contaminating effect of indulgence, when no one had ever made a conquest over his principles; how could he resist it now, when he had tasted of forbidden pleasures, when the courage and uprightness, which unswerving integrity and unsullied purity can alone give, were gone? It required ten times the effort now, and he had wasted and paralyzed his native strength. When he first went to college, the little Bible his mother gave him, was often read; but now he had no inclination to look into it: then the thought of his mother was his happiest thought; now it filled his heart with

shame, and he shrunk from it. But we hasten to the sad catastrophe.

During the period we have been mentioning, Charles saw less than usual of his mother; her anxious, but yet tender and affectionate look was a rebuke to him that he could not endure. Often did her kindness to him come near producing a full confession of his faults. "My love," she said to him, one day, "I don't think you are well, you look pale; I fear you study too hard." "No, mother," said Charles, "that I don't, I am sure." "Then you are sick," said she. "I wish I was," said he; "I wish I was any thing but what I am." "What is the matter, my precious child?" said his mother; "you are my only earthly hope; if any thing happens to you, if shipwreck is made of my treasure here, oh God, then am I bereaved indeed, then am I indeed alone and miserable." Such was her agony, that Charles could not then reveal the truth to her; and making an effort over himself, he answered, "La, mother, nothing is the matter; only I have got the blues."

The evening before, he had allowed his vicious companions to carry him to a gaming-table, and there he had lost all the pocket-money he had, and had even run in debt. When Charles went to the gaming-table, he had made a resolution that he would only go to look on; then he was induced to play, but he said, he would only play for a trifle that he could afford to lose; till at last he had gone as far as we have now described

him. Notwithstanding what he said to his mother she was deeply, unutterably anxious about him; she was very careful, however, to hide her anxiety as far as she could, and treat him with the greatest tenderness and confidence; she was aware that, with his affectionate, generous nature, this was the wisest course. When he left her that evening she gave him a purse. "There, my son," said she, "is the money in that purse for your term-bill; and something over for yourself; and the purse I have made for you. I sometimes fear that I do not give you quite so much as you want; but if so, you must let me know, for I am sure I can trust you." Charles could not speak to his mother; the crimson rushed with such force to his face and head, that it seemed as if a blood vessel would burst; he caught his mother's hand that held the purse, kissed it with his burning lips, and taking the money, hurried away.

He had made an engagement with his dangerous companions to go with them the next week to the gaming-table again. When Tom came for him, "I shall not go," said Charles. "Oh, but you must go this time," said Tom; "they will all think meanly of you, to stay away for the loss of so small a sum as five dollars; go and get it back like a man of spirit, and then quit if you will. They will go off with flying colors, if you don't face them once more; and depend upon it, you 'll win to-night." After much more of such

arguing, Charles yielded and went. When he opened his purse to take out the five dollars that he owed, Harry took notice of the money that his mother had given him to pay his term-bill; he said nothing, but resolved, if possible, to transfer the money to his own purse by his skilful play. Harry was collected and self-possessed, Charles impetuous and careless; Harry of course had greatly the advantage. Charles lost all that was his own, nothing remained but what his mother had given him to pay his college bills. He hesitated a moment. Harry saw his doubt. "Come," said he, "I will be generous; I have won so long, that it is time for the luck to change. I will double the stake now, and give you a fair chance to get all back that you have lost."

Like all gamblers, he thought only of what he was to gain, and agreed to it. Again the cards were against him, and he lost his temper, the game, and his money. He was now so exasperated, that he lost all command of himself. The mad fury of a gamester seemed to possess him; he called for wine, "Or give me brandy," said he; "let 's have one more game, and let us play double or quit." "Agreed," said his cold, calculating companion; and, as might be expected, Charles played without plan or sense, and lost. He became perfectly desperate; the wine and brandy that he had drunk, had got into his head; he became profane, he swore at fortune and his companions; he called Harry

a cheat; a quarrel ensued; they were so noisy and riotous, that they were discovered by some of the college officers and obliged to go to their rooms.

The alarm at being discovered, and the cool air, had sobered Charles. He threw himself on his bed without undressing, and in an unutterable agony of soul, "False, worthless, faithless, cruel wretch that I am," said he; "my mother! oh, my mother! I shall be her death; she that loves me and trusts me as though I were worthy of such a mother!" That simple, precious word, and all the blessed thoughts and feelings that gather round it, melted him to tears; he wept like an infant; in putting his hand into his pocket for his handkerchief, he felt the little Bible she had given him; although he had not read it much, he yet kept it in his pocket. He clasped it with a feverish strength. "In this is the word of God; in this is my mother's prayer, my mother's blessing. Father of mercy, forgive me! call back thy wandering child!" and then, from the very depths and in the silence of his soul, he prayed for pardon and for strength from God. Tom, who had been in the room during this, and whom Charles had not regarded, now came to him, and kindly taking his hand, said, "Come, Charles; don't be so downcast and overcome; you must bear this like a man; I will lend you the money to pay Harry, and your term-bill you can leave; we will find ways to pay it before another is due, and there will be no difficulty made.

I don't believe that we were recognised. Mr. ——— is short-sighted, and we all called each other by feigned names, you know; your mother will never hear of it, and if you will only be calm and cheer up a little, nothing will come of this. I thought you really had more courage. I am glad no one sees you but me; you really are a perfect child; come, my dear fellow, banish fear and sorrow, and be yourself again." This was the turning point in Charles's life and character, and now it was that the fervent prayer of the widow was granted; now did the humble piety, the disinterested, unwearied love of the christian mother come up as a memorial before God; now was the earnest cry of human weakness for strength from on high, heard in heaven. Charles listened to all that Tom said with perfect calmness, for his heart was fixed. He answered him in a very few words; "My mind is made up, Tom; I have been the sport of fools long enough; I care not now for what you or any one says; I shall follow the dictates of my conscience; would to God I had followed no other guide!" Tom did not understand this quietness in Charles; he thought it was stupidity; he was glad to see him more happy, and he retired to his own bed.

With the first streak of daylight, Charles was on his way home to his mother. Home! blessed word! the sick, the sorrowful hail it as a place of rest; the very sound has a healing power in it; even the sinner finds

his stubborn heart melting when he hears it; and when we would represent Heaven as the soul's happiest place, we call it its eternal, happy home. As the light dawned in the east, Charles, though humbled in his spirit to the very dust, felt its beams in his soul, and his spirit prayed, with the rising day, to the Father of lights, for pardon, and for the beams of his mercy in his darkened mind. He had not gone far, however, before he was seized with severe pains in every part of his body; his head was so giddy that he could go no further, and he stopped at the next house he came to and begged them to let him rest awhile. The wine and brandy he had drunk, the violent excitement, and the chill of the morning air had all conspired to bring on a sudden and severe illness. The farmer's wife received him kindly and offered him breakfast, but he could not eat; he fast grew worse, and became soon delirious. The woman called in her husband; he looked at Charles awhile, and then said, "A pretty job we shall have; this is one of the college bucks, I see by his coat sleeve; I dare say he has been in a row." "I don't care what he is," said the woman; "he is sick, and as that lady said, who stopped here the other day, when speaking of some unhappy sinner, 'Misery is the object of mercy howsomdever it comes.'" "You have not hit her words," said her husband. "Well, I have hit her meaning, which I 'm afraid you hav'n't, John."

After this little rebuke from his wife, John consented to the young man's being put to bed, and then they consulted what was best to be done. "We must find his name for him," said the farmer, as he can't tell us himself;" so he looked in his pockets. His handkerchief was marked with his name, and there was also a letter directed to his mother; thus they soon made out who he was. "You had better get ready," said the farmer's wife, "and I will write a little billet to Mrs. Herbert, so that she need not be frightened." The farmer's wife had once kept a school and thought something of her powers at writing billets, and prepared the following after a number of trials:

"DEAR MADAM—Your son, for his name is Charles Herbert on his handkerchief, but may be he is your son and may be he is not, but that 's neither here nor there; though I rather guess he is; your son is here in our house taking on dreadfully, out of his head. I put him to bed and gave him some sage tea and put a jug of water to his feet to draw down the anguish that I see is in his head. I suppose you will come to him directly, and ma'am you must not think of the trouble to me, for once I had a son that was sick away from home and a good woman was very kind to him, and she had no son of her own, and as Dr Franklin says, as I can't retaliate upon her, I ought to upon whomsoever wants my help as I 'm sure this poor creature does.

Yours respectfully,

THANKFUL WRITING."

As may be supposed, Mrs. Herbert lost no time in going to her son. She found him in a high fever; she suffered all that a tender mother must suffer when her son, her only son, is on the brink of the grave; but there was in her manner no agitation, in her heart no despair. She trusted in God, she committed her son, this Isaac of her soul, into his hands. But oh, how unspeakable was her joy, when the delirium, the exhaustion, the hour of peril were past, and the physician declared her son out of danger; these are holy joys, sacred moments, which cannot be described.

As soon as Charles had strength enough to speak, he related to his mother all the weakness, all the wickedness of his conduct; he described the gradual manner in which his fear of not being manly, the fear of losing his importance with his companions, the weak fear of being laughed at, had undermined the nice moral sense with which he had first entered college. He held back nothing of his misconduct. "But, mother," said he, "the thought of you saved me at last." He related Tom's words, the last dreadful night. "Mother, it was you, your blessing, your prayer that saved me on the very brink of the precipice. I felt your hand on my head, I heard your prayer." "It was the hand of God, my son," said his mother; "it was he that answered my prayers."

As soon as Charles could be removed, they thanked and, as far as christian love can be paid for, remunerated the kind people who had taken Charles in.

He was carried to his mother's house, their hitherto happy home. When they arrived, a letter was put into Mrs. Herbert's hands, containing the bill that was still due, and informing her that her son was rusticated on account of his misconduct the night he left Cambridge. As Mrs. Herbert read it, she raised her eyes to Heaven, and her tears seemed to speak only joy. "Mother," said Charles, "have you not one word of rebuke, can you still love me as well?" "A mother's affection," said Mrs. Herbert, "is an inexhaustible, perhaps the only inexhaustible, fountain of human love. I can add nothing to the rebukes of your own conscience, and why should I rebuke you. No! my heart is full of joy, for 'my son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found.'"

THE LOST HEART.

Time was, when I was free as air;
That time has past,—
For he has bound my heart in chains,
And holds it fast.

And is this bondage then a pain,
This slavery a care?
Would I have back my heart again,
As free as air?

Oh! no. Then how regain my peace
And pleasure flown?
It is not mine that I would have,
It is his own.

PRAYER.

FATHER! I should have blessed thy name
In pure and undivided prayer;
But when my eyes were raised above,
And while my lips have asked thy love,
My foolish heart has worshipped here.

Father! while in thy house I pray,
Oh may that heart be wholly thine;
Then will its faith, and hope, and love,
Like grateful incense rise above,
And worship solely at thy shrine.

THE HERMITS OF CORDOVA.

WHEN I was at Cordova in 18—, the family with which I was most acquainted, was that of the Duke of R., one of the oldest and most distinguished houses in Andalusia. Its head, at that time, was a high-spirited gentleman, loving hunting and horses; a brave and successful soldier; and, what he thought of hardly less consequence, a dexterous *picador* in the bull-fights. His brother, Don Angelo, something younger than himself, and about thirty years of age, was one of those remarkable men, that Spain still seems occasionally to produce, as if to bear witness to what she was in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, or in the earlier periods of her glory. He had a person, which we might fancy would have become a cavalier at the court of Charles the Fifth, and a countenance which would have been marked for its genius anywhere. In the disastrous days of the French invasion, he had fought bravely, and brought away eleven severe wounds as proofs of his loyalty; but, now that peace was come again, he had settled quietly down to his former pursuits on his own

estates, had written two plays, which had been successfully performed in the principal theatres of the kingdom, and had just finished a large picture which, after making some noise at Madrid, was much admired in one of the churches of Cordova.

As I was one evening gathering, in conversation with these interesting gentlemen, some of that local information, which is obtained in their country with so much difficulty, because Spaniards of intelligence are so rare, they spoke to me of some hermits in the mountains near their city, who they thought would be curious to a stranger, and particularly to a Protestant. At first it seemed doubtful whether a visit to them would be worth the trouble of a long and perhaps difficult excursion, into one of the gorges of the Sierra Morena, particularly as a part of it would necessarily be made on foot. But the account my friends gave me of the establishment, and of the modes of life of the individuals that composed it, interested me so much, that I determined to go, especially as they kindly offered to accompany me.

We set off, then, the next morning at five o'clock on horseback. The gentlemen were dressed in the ancient, picturesque costume of their country, with the saddles and trappings they have inherited with their beautiful horses from the Moors,—a costume and style of riding which the Andalusian noblemen often assume, not only because it is in itself rich and striking, but be-

cause it is popular and produces a good effect, when they go among their peasantry and vassals, who still, as far as they are able, indulge themselves in the same dress. It was a beautiful day in the latter part of September, when a second spring, with its fragrance and flowers, was everywhere bursting forth in the south-western portions of the Peninsula. The freshness of the morning, as it advanced, was delightful. We entered the plains of the Guadalquivir, just as the sun appeared above the mountains; but our horses were spirited, and we soon found ourselves gaily and rapidly climbing the dark sides of the Sierra. At about eight o'clock, we had reached the point where further progress on horseback became impossible, and we dismounted. It was a picturesque spot commanding an extensive prospect; and under some pomegranate trees, by the side of a little fountain that gushed from a rock, we found a cloth spread on the grass and covered with a breakfast of fruits and wine, brought up beforehand by the Duke's servants. As we sat there in the refreshing shade, we could see stretched out before us, the rich plain of Cordova, extending for fifty miles, with the city, its towers and mosque,* in the midst of it; while, as far as the eye could reach, the Guadalquivir was seen coming

* The vast and magnificent Cathedral at Cordova, was originally a mosque, and has to this day lost so little of its former character and ornaments, that the common people still call it *la Mezquita*, "the Mosque."

from the mountains and hastening onward to Seville and the Atlantic. I enjoyed the whole very much. It was such a breakfast and scene as is sometimes described in Gil Blas, or Don Quixote, those faithful pictures of Spanish manners and character, but one which, out of Spain, can be found only in works of fiction.

Having refreshed ourselves from our three hours' ride, and enjoyed the prospect as long as we could venture to stop, we left our horses to the care of the servants, and walked up the rest of the mountain; the ascent of which was now become steep and rugged. On its summit, or rather on a little table of land just so far below, that the summit itself could be interposed between them and the north winds and give them a southern exposure, we found the singular establishment we had come to visit. Its origin is not well known. The hermits themselves pretend, and perhaps believe, it has existed ever since Christianity came into Spain; though not always on the spot, where it is now found; but this seems impossible, when the seven centuries of Moorish domination are considered. All that can be regarded as certain is, that about two hundred and fifty years ago, a nobleman of Cordova, wearied with the world, retired to this solitude, and was soon afterwards followed by others, who, by his reputation for sanctity, were attracted to imitate his austerities and devotion. Their number soon became so considerable that they chose one to be their head; and from 1613, they have

regular records or *fasti*, containing the names of those who have lived among them, and the principal circumstances in their simple history.

The appearance of the establishment, as it is first approached, is very striking, though as humble as can well be imagined. It looks like a little village of small cells in the shape of huts, with a little bell attached to each; the whole placed, for some apparently inexplicable reason, in a solitude nearly inaccessible, amidst rocks, cork-trees, and whatever may mark the rude and dreary summit of a mountain in such a climate. We found there thirty-four human beings, each shut up in his little cell and separate from all the others, living in summer and winter with no other bed than hard boards, no furniture but a single stool, an altar, and a crucifix; and no food but vegetables and water. Each cell has a small garden attached to it, where its tenant raises what is absolutely necessary for his own subsistence and no more; over its door as you enter, and sometimes before the altar and at the foot of the cross within, are the sculls of some of its former inmates; and, by the fireplace, are the few utensils necessary for preparing their food; but of comfort or convenience there is no more appearance anywhere, than on the barren sides of their mountain itself. If any thing more than they can obtain within the limits of their own narrow territory becomes indispensable—if they want sackcloth, or bread, or materials for repairing their cells,

they send to Cordova, and beg it, but accept alms in no other form than that in which they are asked. They have a little church, plain and even rude, where the Elder Brother (Hermano Mayor), as their head is called, lives as wretchedly as any who are under his authority; and, immediately after midnight, they all assemble around him and hear mass; but this is the only occasion in the twenty-four hours, on which they see each other. Indeed, all their rules and observances are the most rigid, that can be endured. They never speak but from some important reason, and with the especial permission of their head; they take no regular rest or meals, for, besides their midnight mass, a signal from the church bell is given at uncertain intervals four times before dawn, and five times during the day, which is immediately answered by the bells of all the hermits, to prove they are at their devotions; their diet is the lowest that will support life; and, if there be any faith in wan and suffering countenances, the bloody thongs we saw hanging before their humble altars, were authentic proofs of the cruelty of their secret discipline and mortifications.

With all this, they are of no religious order. Their head is a priest, but all the rest make no profession and take no oaths. They can go from their hermitage, its sufferings and privations, as freely as they came to it. And yet, such is the secret charm of rest and solitude *to spirits* that have been worn by the turbulent pas-

sions of that wild country and its exciting climate, that no instance is remembered of any one, who has left his cell and gone back to the world.

Nor have they been men such as are found in the common convents of Spain and Italy, where the monks often come from the lower classes of society, and find more comfort in their monasteries than they had known at home. For there is hardly a distinguished family in Cordova, which has not at some period or other furnished the mountain with a hermit. There were four such when I visited it, besides one person, that had been a colonel in the army; another that had commanded a frigate, and fought bravely at Trafalgar; and yet another, a Portuguese, who had come out a few years before as an officer of ceremony, to attend the queen, when she was brought from Brazil to receive the Spanish crown. The Elder Brother himself, who had been there twenty-six years, might have returned to his family and claimed a title and a moderate income; but such things seemed to have lost all power over him. Yet his human sympathies were, to all appearance, as strong as ever. His manners had retained their gentleness, and his kindness and benevolence seemed prompt and sincere. He inquired of the Duke, who had always known him, about his friends and relations; told him anecdotes of the past generation; reminded him of the time, when he had held both himself and Don Angelo on his knee, and joined in their sports; and indeed, but for the soli-

tude of his cell, his sackcloth, and his flowing beard, it would have been difficult to say he was any thing but a well-bred gentleman, touched, indeed, in the tones of his voice and the forms of his expression by the softening and humbling influence of his austere penances; but still preserving the unpretending dignity of his character, and the ease and grace of the society, in which his youth had been bred.

He carried us through the whole of their little territory. Don Angelo, though familiar with it, made many striking remarks, which seemed to be lost on the more mercurial and soldier-like spirit of his brother. The hermits, in general, seemed willing to see us, but took no particular notice of what we did or who we were. They had no appropriate dress, and, indeed, nothing except their marked physiognomies seemed to me to distinguish them from any other of the suffering poor. One of them, I recollect, wore the remains of an old Spanish military uniform, which did not seem to be thought strange or incongruous by anybody except myself; so entirely were externals disregarded among them. The head of the establishment gave us some rude crosses made of a wood, that grows on the mountain. It was, he said, all he had to offer; and they were evidently given with a benevolent desire to gratify us. He told us, they had sometimes been thought to protect against epilepsies and similar diseases, but that he claimed for them no other power than

such as the blessing of God would give to whatever means he might be pleased to sanctify for the good of his creatures.

As we went round from cell to cell, he invited us to talk with any of their inmates we pleased. Don Angelo did so freely, and while some answered no less freely, others replied with reluctance and only in monosyllables. Several seemed to show in their whole bearing, manner, and forms of expression, strongly marked qualities, as if nature, in this solitude, had triumphed over education, and the original character, no longer checked by the conventions and constraints of society, had sprung up wild again, and was thriving in the deep soil of the native passions and powers of their minds. Others, on the contrary, appeared to have been subdued and humbled by solitude, so that their original qualties had been rather obliterated, than brought out in bolder relief, by the peculiar circumstances in which they had been placed. But all had something singular about them; something that showed, in however different ways, the stern influence of the unnatural restraints to which they had been on all sides subjected, and within which their natures and passions had, at once, been fiercely stimulated and fiercely controlled.

We passed several hours with them, and came down the mountain, certainly less light of heart than we went up. I left Cordova the next day; but a long time afterwards, I learnt, at Paris, that Don Angelo,

disappointed in a romantic attachment, had left the luxuries of the society in which I saw him, and joined, probably never to leave them, the hermits of the mountain we had visited together. At first, it surprised me very much. I felt as if I had heard of the suicide of an old acquaintance. But the more I thought of it, the more I was satisfied that such a retirement was not inconsistent with his peculiar temperament and character, acted upon as they had been strongly by the genius of the country and religion, in which he had been educated.

ALPINE LIFE.

Translation from Schiller's "William Tell." Act I. Scene 1.

Scene, a high, rocky shore on the lake of Lucerne, opposite Schwytz. The lake makes an indentation into the land; a hut stands not far from the shore; a fisher-boy is seen rowing a boat. Beyond the lake lie in sunshine the green meadows, the villages, and dwellings of Schwytz. On the left of the spectator appear the summits of the Hakenberg, enveloped in clouds; and the glaciers are seen in the distance on the right.

FISHER-BOY,—sings in the boat.

(*Air of the Ranz des Vaches*).

THE smiling lake lay transparently deep;
On its grassy brink a child fell asleep.
As from Angels in bliss,
A voice rose clear;
Like a dreamy flute,
It sang in his ear.
And as he awakes with bliss oppress,
The light waves are rippling about his breast.

And he hears from their depths,
" Fair child thou art mine ;
I lure the young sleeper,
'T is I draw him in."*

HERDSMAN,—upon the mountain.

(*Variation of the Ranz des Vaches.*)

Ye pastures, farewell,
That lie warm in the sun ;
The herdsman must go—
The summer is gone.

* The imagination of man, which lends to the powe ture his own feelings, in ancient times gave rise, in G to the popular belief, that the loss of an object of particu tion was caused by invisible beings who were induced fondness for it to withdraw it from men and to appro to themselves. Thus the premature decease of a hopef and the sudden death of a young man or maiden on th ding day, were ascribed to the jealous love of the Elfs, the or his daughters. Many tales and songs have their origi popular belief; such as the Danish ballad of King Olof, a pieces of Scandinavian poetry. Some modern German p founded on the same idea, which is employed in connexi other deep and peculiar emotions. Thus, the peculia which the aspect of the clear and quiet deep excites in th beholder, is ascribed to the enticing influence of beings wh men with a kindred longing after their native element. the poetical foundation of the above poem of Schiller, as w 'The Fisherman' by Goethe.

But again shall the herdsman return to the mountains,
When the cuckoo calls, when the quickened fountains
Burst out anew with the coming of May,
And the earth lies fresh in her green array.
Ye pastures, farewell,
That lie warm in the sun;
The herdsman must go,—
The summer is gone.

CHAMOIS-HUNTER,—appears opposite on the summit of the rocks.

(*Second Variation.*)

Loud thunder the cliffs, the bridge trembles below,
But no fear doth the venturous hunter know;
O'er the treacherous ice-fields
His path is taken;
No young Spring comes thither,
No green buds awaken.
A cloudy sea beneath him rolls by,
The dwellings of men are hid from his eye.
Through the rent clouds alone,
Is the deep world seen;
Far under the waters,
The fields of green.

HOUSEHOLD ANECDOTES OF THE LUTION.

A HORSEMAN rode rapidly into A——— was rung as for fire, a drum beat the roll on mon, there was a sudden collecting of men quarters; from the workshop and the field, t village had collected on the open plot around ing-house; and presently, pushing their horse the inhabitants dropped in, one by one, from skirts of the town. The house doors were women were running across the streets with heads, or whispering together at the open d anxious eyes and quivering lips. The bell stil and a few rolls of the drum were heard at ir direct all new comers;—but there was no othe the men were talking earnestly, but their vo suppressed and calm. Presently three or f on fresh horses, were seen starting in the di the towns beyond. In less than an hour the v lection had quietly separated. The bell stop lence was in the village.

In about two hours, a few taps of the drum were again heard on the common. In fifteen minutes more, the same men rallied there again. They were in their common dress, but they had fowling-pieces and muskets in their hands, and powder-horns and pouches, or cartridge-boxes, slung at their sides. What was the meaning of this rude war-array? That courier had brought the news that a body of British troops was marching towards Concord for offensive purposes. And thus at a moment's warning, in peace, unorganized, almost unarmed, sprang forth the New-England yeomanry to meet them. In each separate band was the strength of a separate town, men linked heart to heart, neighbours, brothers, sons, fathers. None but pale-lipped women, and children crying, they knew not why, and old men that leaned upon staves, were left. Many tears were shed, and many a prayer breathed, as wives, and mothers, and sisters, saw this band, as it went to instant combat, vanish in the windings of the road.

Mrs. B—— was the wife of one of those who had thus gone out to battle. The husband, with three sons, of sixteen, eighteen, and twenty, were in that single band, and they had left behind none but his wife, an aged father, and a young son. They had watched the retreating footsteps of their friends till they could be seen no longer, and she had then gone up into the chamber, which looked out on their road, as if still to see them; and there, when the last straggler was lost to

the view, had she fallen down before her God, and prayed for her household. And a wife's and mother's prayers, could they be aught but strong? She came down, and strove to be calm. She called her son, and taught him a hymn; but it would not do, her heart was far away. She was forced to rise and turn away, lest he should see her tears. She wiped down the table till it shone like a mirror, she brushed the hearth, she set back each chair in its place with most scrupulous exactness; she questioned her father-in-law upon their return; she was busy in every trifle, as if by so doing she might stop the trembling and foreboding of her heart. The hour of dinner arrived, the table was set out, and on it was a plate for each of the departed ones, as if by acting as though they were safe she might cheat herself into a certainty of their safety; but all would not do. Suddenly, from a profound peace, the strength and pride of her family had been called to deadly strife, to fight with the chosen soldiers of reverenced England, and this too, in a land where a camp was as strange a spectacle, as an enemy's watchfire in sight of the Spartan gate. It was a time when men's hearts quaked within them, though they themselves were to go forth to struggle foot to foot with the foe; and was it strange that woman should tremble in the solitude of her empty home? The old man took his Bible from the shelf, and sat himself down in his arm-chair by the corner, to read in silence. The boy caught

the infection of fear. He did not precisely understand the cause of the tears which he saw, and of the stifled sobs which he heard, and he dared not break, by his questions, the silence which his mother and grandfather kept. But he had seen his father and brothers go forth with arms in their hands, and his ear had caught something of a foe to be met, and his very ignorance of the rest, made it more fearful to him. A vast but unseen evil was near him, and overshadowed him, and weighed down upon him with an oppressive weight. And he drew up his little chair close to his grandfather's side, and laid his hand on his grandfather's knee, and opened his book at the hymn which his mother had tried to teach him, and strove to learn it. But his grandfather saw the tears stealing silently down his cheeks; and shutting his Bible and taking the hand of his grandson, he comforted him with the hope that his father and his brothers would soon return.

"And will they indeed come back safe?" said James. "God watches over them, my son, and all will be for the best." And then James questioned the old man of the enemy that they were going to fight with. He was somewhat puzzled to understand how it was that the king was to be honored, whilst the whole country was rising in arms against his soldiers. But the old man explained, as well as he was able, how it was not the king (whom he must ever honor), but an unjust ministry, whom they were resisting;

how taxation and representation were inseparable; that it was the duty of men to defend their right at every hazard; that it was principle that had armed his father. And so he went on, till the young boy's rebel blood burned through every vein.

And it was principle, and principle alone, for which our fathers poured forth their hearts' blood. "Think you," once said a gray-haired man, in answer to a question of mine, "that it was for the stamp act, or the three penny tax on tea, that we endured without wavering a seven years' war with England? Think you it was an excitement got up of a sudden, for such trifles, that bound together as one man, an infant nation, almost without rulers, and without laws, in such a struggle, with such a foe? You would not have judged thus of your fathers, had you stood in Congress as I did, and heard the calm voice which first read, "We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, solemnly publish and declare, that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, *Free and Independent States;* and for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor;" and seen the calm, steady, and determined features of the men who listened to such words. Nor would you have

thought thus, had you seen the whole country organized into companies of "minute men," who were ready to start, and did start for the camp, again and again, through a succession of years, leaving the plough in the furrow, the wheat sheaf unstacked, and the grass to rot where it had fallen off the scythe; and doing this instantly and undoubtingly, as though there were in duty, a fate, which compelled its performance. No; in every one, even the most ignorant, there was a grave, forelooking care for unborn ages. They were guided by the light of principle, and that light was lifted high and shone bright, far above the surges of those wild times; and with their eyes fixed upon it, they stood erect and walked firmly on." That old man's words have not been forgotten.

But to return to our story, which, by the way, is scarcely a story, for the two or three unconnected incidents, of which it is composed, really happened. There is nothing remarkable in them, but they may serve to illustrate the state of feeling which universally prevailed at that period. It would be well if the familiar household anecdotes of those times, were not passing so rapidly into forgetfulness, for they are better than all history to keep alive in us the spirit of our fathers.

Mr. B—— himself returned home within a few days, but his three oldest sons enlisted in the army under Washington. We now pass on to the time when

Burgoyne made his entry into New York, by the way of Canada. As is well known, large bodies of men were immediately raised in New England to meet him. There were at this time, four companies in the town o A——. Of one of these, Mr. B—— was captain, and it so happened that he was selected as the commanding officer of the new recruits. Of these four companies, one fourth part were to go. It was of course desirable, that all who went, should go of their own accord, and so it was determined to call the men together, and see if there would not be a sufficient number of volunteers.

James B——, now a stout boy of fifteen, was very desirous of enlisting, and he pressed his father long and earnestly for permission. But he was very young, and his father already had three sons in the Continental army, and he shuddered to take her last and only son from his mother, and to expose him to death. But James, as the time appointed for starting drew more near, was more and more earnest for his father's consent. At length the principle of a stern and heroic self-sacrifice o'ermastered the feelings of a father, and he told his son that if on the day of enlistment, when the drum went round for volunteers, there should not be enough to fill out the required number, he would make a sign to him, and he might fall into the ranks. The time came, the companies had assembled on the green about the meetinghouse, the drum went round, and in the course of a few minutes a considerable number,

who had before determined on going, fell in after it. About three fourths of the required number had enlisted, and now all, who were willing, seemed to have joined. The drum went round with the volunteers marching after it, but no one of that little collection of breathless men obeyed its summons. Again it went round, but with no better success. It started the third time; the father saw now that the decisive time had come, he saw his son's eye fixed intently on him for consent; he nodded, and the boy sprang forward to join himself to those self-devoted men. Such an example, from the young son of a man, whose three other children were already fighting the battles of their country, was one of such high-spirited and generous patriotism, that they who were collected there, could not resist its influence. The drum went round but once or twice more, and the ranks were full.

The evening before their departure was one of silence and sadness. Whilst they were fitting their arms for use, Mrs. B—— was anxiously busy in making preparations for her husband's and son's departure, in preparing provisions with which to fill their knapsacks, in making ready their clothes, and in providing them with all the little means of comfort which her ingenuity could devise and which a soldier could carry with him. That night they slept but little. They were to start at five the next morning. At four they ate breakfast. They then sat down, and old Mr. B—— took

down his well worn Bible from the shelf. Those were times in which men asked the blessing and favor of God on what they undertook. The old man opened the sacred book at the first chapter of Joshua, where God committed to the charge of Joshua, the hosts of Israel; and he read, "Only be thou strong, and very courageous, that thou mayst observe to do according to all the law which Moses, my servant, commanded thee; turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest. This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do all that is written therein; for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then shalt thou have good success. Have not I commanded thee? Be strong, and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." He finished the chapter and closed the book, and then they all knelt down. The old man lifted up his eyes and prayed. He gave thanks for the favors with which God had blest them and their country, and then he prayed for that country,—that God would look down and bless its efforts, if they were right; and thus he went on until towards the close of his prayer his voice became louder and more earnest:—"Thou, whose arm sustains all things, be with thy servants, who go forth from this house. Preserve them, if it be thy will, from

death, and restore them again to their home. Deliver them not over to death, if it be not needful for their country's welfare. But, above all, oh Father! give them strength to do their duty as becomes men and Christians. Give them of thy strength in the hour of trial, and let their hearts not fail when the enemy press heavily against them." They rose up, strong in a strength higher than their own; after a hasty farewell, they joined their party, and, before sunrise, were on their way to the army under Gates.

The first battle which they were engaged in, was the one fought the day before the surrender of Burgoyne. The company of Captain B—— belonged to a body, which was sent round under cover of the hills, to outflank a party of the enemy. Before they came within sight of the enemy, their party had to ascend a long but not steep hill, whose summit was covered with small thick brush-wood. It was a trying time for this undisciplined body of militia, for they could neither see nor act upon their enemy; whilst the air but just above their heads, was almost darkened with the musket balls and the grape shot, which the foe were pouring forth from their batteries. At the top of the hill they could see the leaves and twigs dropping as the balls passed silently on their way, and they felt that every moment, their heads were rising nearer and nearer up into this region of death. But they endured bravely this season of suspense and inaction. With

rapid steps they gained the summit, and then bega
deadly strife. James stood fighting by his fath
side. He had loaded and fired his piece several tin
and his father saw him, with a pride that almost ov
came his fear, stand up erect and unflinching, am
the shower of balls that was cutting down one a
another of this band of neighbours and kinsmen. 1
whilst he was engaged in directing and cheering on
men, he heard a sudden voice call his name. He tu
ed, and his son lay gasping on the ground. He spr
to him, and caught him to his bosom. The bl
was pouring out from a wound in his side, and
boy's head drooped faintly over the arm which s
ported it. But this was no time for private grief. T
father delivered over his wounded child into the ha
of two of his men, who bore him back to the surge
whilst he himself returned to his post. The conf
on this side was a short one, for the enemy, overpo
ered by numbers, were soon driven in. The fat
could not leave his post to visit his son, until alm
evening, and when he did, it was only to see his f
tures pale with death. His feelings when he s
his youngest son, his Benjamin, thus taken from h
shot down even at his side, it would be useless to
tempt to describe. His neighbours, that gathe
round to sympathize in his grief, did not think it
manly, when they saw the hot tears streaming do
his cheeks.

One of his men, who had been slightly wounded, obtained permission to return home. The following is a part of the letter, which he carried to the wife of his Captain.

"My dearest S——, Mr. French is about to return home, and I have thought it better myself to inform you of the sad news, of which he is the bearer, than to entrust this office to another. Forgive me, my dear wife, if I was too easy in granting James's request to come with me. Our dear boy has indeed fallen, but he fell fighting bravely for his country, and we cannot but hope, when we consider the life which he ever led from infancy upward, that he has gone to a better home. Let us not repine; for affliction, though grievous, is but for a season, and we have learnt that whatever our Father in heaven does, is right. In preserving our three other sons in the perils of war, he has done more for us than we deserve. Let us give thanks therefore unto his holy name, for all his goodness, and be grateful that our dear boy was so well prepared for another world. Let us remember that others have lost more than we. I know how dear he was to you, and I wish it were possible for me to be with you. But in our grief, let us not forget to thank the Lord for sending us a son who was so deserving of our sorrow, and that he who gave, hath also a right to take away."

* * * * * * * *

At the close of the year 1783, around the fireside of Mr. B——, were seated himself, his wife, and two sons, one of whom was lame, from a gun-shot wound. Of the remainder of the family, the gray-haired father had been gathered to his grave, James was killed at Saratoga, and Nehemiah had died about five years before, of a lingering sickness, occasioned by a wound received at the battle of Monmouth. The news of peace had just arrived, and this diminished circle was partaking in the general joy. They had not forgotten the sons whom they had lost, and neither had they forgotten the cause in which they had lost them.

TO MY FLOWERS.

[The following beautiful lines were written by Mrs. Hemans, when confined by sickness. They were an impromptu, returned to the friend who had sent her the flowers to which they refer, by the messenger who brought them. A. N.]

Ye tell me not of birds and bees,
Not of the summer's murmuring trees,
Not of the streams and woodland bowers;—
A sweeter tale is yours, fair flowers.

Glad tidings to my couch ye bring,
Of one still bright, still flowing spring,
A fount of kindness, ever new,
In a friend's heart, the good and true.

A REVERIE AND A REALITY,

OR THE EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

It was a cool summer evening; the sun had just wrapt himself in his parting glory, and was bidding adieu to the world and me. I stood at the foot of a beautiful mountain which overlooks the Connecticut. The scene was lovely, and I paused to gaze upon it. There was a freshness in the air, which invigorated the soul, a sublimity around me, which made the spirit swell and mount upward. Who has not felt it? Who has not gone thus directly, from Nature to her God, and his own? I was lost in the inspiration of the scene, and myself was forgotten. How great, how glorious, how magnificent is the Deity! This, his mere earthly temple, how beautiful, how grand! And man, thou last and choicest work of thy Maker, thou image of thy God, how wonderful, how elevated art thou! thy formation how curious, thy body how complete, thy mind, thy thinking, spiritual, immortal mind, how majestic, how sublime! Yes, thou art the child

of God, made by his hand, animated by his breath, the chosen heir of his glory, the partaker of his immortality. The Son of God is above thee, but thou "shalt sit at his right hand." Angels are above thee, but they are but what thou shalt be. Yes, the earth on which thou treadest, glorious as it is, is not thy abiding-place. Time is not thy limit. Onward and upward is thy direction. Eternity is thy duration. Thou stayest not but at the throne of God.

And art thou this, art thou all this, glorious in time, glorious in eternity? how virtuous, how pure, how holy must thou be! Like thy God in all things else, how like him must thou be in thy character, thy affections, thy life. Yes, thou must indeed be holy, for he who made thee what thou art, and art to be, is holy: thou must love what he delights in, "for what he delights in, must be happy." I know thou must be lovely. All around is lovely, the earth, the sea, the sky, all, all are lovely. Voiceless and inanimate as they are, they yet whisper, they speak, they sing of the Almighty and his goodness: they rejoice and smile in his praise. Thou, rational, animate, and spiritual, must join, must lead this chorus. Thy offering must be as noble as thy soul. Virtue must be as prominent in thy heart, as intelligence on thy brow. The God who made thee is good, thou must be good; I know, I know thou must.

I have heard, it is true, the winds have whispered, as they passed, that thou art not so. They have told,

that sin has been thy chosen part, sin, the destroyer of nature's beauty, the despoiler of thy soul, the eternal enemy of thy God. They have whispered, that exalted as thou wert made, high and holy as is thy destination, thou hast yet cast thyself from thine eminence, and hid thyself from thy God. But it cannot be; the winds are false, it cannot be. Thou art rational, thou wouldst not. Thou art immortal, thou darest not. No, I will not, for I cannot believe it. Thy Creator commands, his creation invites thee. It is enough. Thou must be what they would have thee, pure, holy, and perfect. Thou must be so, I know thou must be.

How far this natural train of thought from God's goodness and man's elevation, to the seemingly inevitable conclusion, of man's virtue and perfection, would have carried me, I know not; for I was suddenly started from my reverie, by a female shriek, a shriek so emblematic of any thing but virtuous peace and happiness, that it operated like a thunderclap upon my senses.

"Murder, murder! help, help!" rung in my ears, discordant enough with the ideas of holiness in which I had just been indulging. "Murder! help!"

I started from the spot, where I had been standing, and hastened towards the place from whence I thought the sound proceeded. As I approached the spot, the noise increased, and I imagined that I heard the screaming of children, mingling in the discordant sounds. I saw through a small tuft of trees, that al-

most concealed it from the road, a small and dirty hut, (for it deserved no other name,) its roof dilapidated, its windows broken, and looking as if even a wild beast would pass by it, as a tenement unfit even for shelter.

Another scream confirmed me, that in that hut, was the scene of distress. I leaped a half broken fence, and rushed forward, the noise increasing as I approached, till I reached this scene of desolation.

I pushed aside two broken boards, which were placed on end against the hut, in the place of a door, and there, gracious God, what a scene! O man, reasonable, immortal man! would that, for your sake, I could draw a veil over it, which the eye of Omnipresence could not penetrate. As I entered, a pale, miserable, emaciated female, with an infant in her arms, her eyes streaming with tears of agony, and every limb convulsed with terror, rushed from beneath a table, where she had crouched, and falling at my feet, and seizing my hand, "God bless you!" cried she, "God bless you, bless you! Save me! O save me!" At that instant, five little children fled from the table, where they had sheltered themselves behind their mother, and skulked trembling behind me.

"Save me!" still cried the woman, "save me! save my children!"

"Save you from what?" said I, endeavouring to sooth her, "be not afraid. Who or what is there to hurt you?"

"Oh that monster!" continued she, "that horrid monster!"

I turned my eyes where she pointed, and entering a hole, for it was not a door, in the back part of this miserable habitation, I beheld a man. Yes, forgive it, gracious God! it was a man, a human being.

"Look! it is my husband, save me from him." But I could not look upon him. I turned sickening away. O that face! when will its appearance vanish from my mind? Bloated, distorted, the fires of hell seemed blazing on his cheek. From his blood-shot eyes, the very furies seemed looking out, as from their habitation. His foaming mouth,—O horrible!—his clenched teeth, his staggering gait, his infernal expression, words cannot describe them. I thought they could be found only in the bottomless pit. He had upon him a few filthy rags, that scarcely held together, and through them I beheld the neck of a bottle, which he grasped with one hand, while he supported himself with the other, against the side of the building.

"Stop him!" shrieked the frantic woman, as he attempted to advance, "he will kill me, he will kill my children!"

"Who art thou, fiend of damnation," cried I, "that thus, more savage than a beast, you abuse your wife and children, and swear to kill them?"

With an infernal laugh, that the devils themselves might in vain attempt to imitate, he replied, "And

who, who are you?" with oaths heaped on oaths, in dreadful confusion; "this is my house; off, or I 'll murder ye."

"Stop, wretch!" said I, "look at your innocent wife, and your trembling children."

"Curse my wife, curse my children," interrupted he; "what are they to you? A' nt they my own? I' ll kill them all, if I like. And look, Kate," continued he, addressing his wife, and staggering aside, that she might see where he pointed, "look, Kate, have I not a right to do what I please with my children. Look, see there."

The poor woman looked, "My poor Frederic! my dear!" screamed she, and with these words upon her lips, she fell apparently lifeless at my feet. The little children around me cried aloud, most piteously, at seeing their mother lie upon the floor; and amidst their cries arose another infernal laugh of this *husband* and *father*, as he pointed me to the spot. He had murdered his child, and was thus exulting over the deed.

"Oh, he has killed my child!" murmured the poor mother, recovering a little from the shock; "he has killed my poor Frederic. Oh, he was my best boy!"

"Oh my dear boy," sobbed the mother, "my dear Frederic! And thou inhuman monster!" said she, starting up with a look and an energy almost beyond human, "wretch, murderer, look, look at thy dead child, look, and tremble. You were his father; yes,

his father, and you murdered him. Tremble
awful deed. God will deal with you, as you d
And poor Frederic"—she could go no farth
covered her face with her hands, and wept alo

Worked up by this heart-rending scene, I
that the monster should relent at this appeal.
same expression was upon his face. I could be
longer. I started forwards, to go to "poor Fre
as he lay upon the ground. "Stand back fro
cried the wretch; "I will finish my work."
reached the boy, and was just lifting him fr
ground, when I heard a tick. I turned round; th
ster had seized a gun, which he had concealed b
board, and had cocked it. I rushed upon hi
seized it. In the struggle that ensued, he pu
went off. There was a shriek that would have
adamant. I thought he had now literally f
his work. But, merciful God, the ball passe
their heads; his wife and children, though te
were unhurt. I had wrested the weapon fr
hand. Oh his rage and fury when he found hims
armed! "I 'll be the death of ye,—I 'll be the d
ye," muttered he, as he staggered, reeled, a
headlong in the dirt. The screams of the ch
and the report of the gun, soon brought ass
from the neighbours, and this murderer was d
away to prison, there to await the expiation
guilt.

As soon as I could collect myself from the horrors I had witnessed, I approached again this truly wretched mother, surrounded by her half-starved children, and endeavoured to console her. She told me her story; it was brief and affecting. She was the only child of her parents, the idol of their hearts, and the admiration of the village. Her parents were in comfortable circumstances, and she received a decent education. And Charles, her husband, was a steady and promising mechanic, an honor to his calling. They became acquainted, mutual esteem was followed by mutual love, and in due time, they were married, with the blessings of their parents, and the good wishes of all. They lived happily together, their children growing up around them, and all went on smoothly and prosperously, "for Charles," as she feelingly said, "was the best of men." At length, he grew idle, neglected his business and his family, frequented taverns, and at last, in her own words, "he took to drinking; but I cannot dwell upon it, I cannot tell you how much I suffered, and my children; he went on little by little, till he became what you have seen. But oh," continued she, sobbing, "it was too cruel to abuse our little Frederic. I could forgive him all but that. He was our youngest but one, and as I said, he was always sickly, and his father in his fits of drunkenness, used always to curse little Frederic, because he was so expensive, while I used to love

him most, and nurse him, for he was so tend
And now he is killed, my poor boy."

I could hear no more, and seeing thes
creatures taken home, for the present, by the
I took my leave.

"Good God," exclaimed I, as I wal
"can this be true? Can it be, that what I
is man,—rational, immortal man, thy cre
image, thy glory? Can it be, that one vice,
intemperance, can so mar the beauty of thy
make man a demon, heaven a hell? Thy w
deed, mysterious. I will go home, and w
race."

[THE word "Barb," as denoting a Barbary horse, is not, we think, to be found in any of our older poets. The question respecting the time of its introduction, having been started in conversation one evening, gave occasion to the following pretended authorities for its use. They were produced in sport, the next morning, by a lady of the rarest genius, whose intellectual wealth is discovered with equal grace in the intercourse of society, as in her writings. The imitations are so exact, that we doubt whether any of our readers, if they were laid before them without preface, would suspect their genuineness. One may be amused at the tact, which gives as a quotation from Shakspeare, just such a passage as he has often written, but without anything so remarkable, that the most enthusiastic student of his works would be surprised at having forgotten it. We have felt some hesitation about availing ourselves of this *jeu d'esprit* of a writer, who has the highest claims upon admiration; but we trust that it will not detract from them, and that she will pardon us for preserving it in this little volume. A. N.]

EXAMPLES OF THE USE OF THE WORD "BARB."

THE warrior donn'd his well-worn garb,
And proudly waved his crest;
He mounted on his jet-black *Barb*,
And put his lance in rest.

Percy's Reliques.

Eftsoons the wight, withouten more delay,
Spurr'd his brown *Barb*, and rode full swiftly on his way.

Spenser.

Hark! was it not the trumpet's voice I heard?
The soul of battle is awake within me!
The fate of ages and of empires hangs
On this dread hour—why am I not in arms?
Bring my good lance, caparison my steed!
Base, idle grooms! are ye in league against me?
Haste with my *Barb*, or by the holy saints,
Ye shall not live to saddle him to-morrow.

Massinger.

No sooner had the pearl-shedding fingers of the young Aurora tremulously unlocked the oriental portals of the golden horizon, than the graceful flower of chivalry, and the bright Cynosure of ladies' eyes, he of the dazzling breastplate and snow-like plume, sprang impatiently from the couch of slumber, and eagerly mounted the noble *Barb*, presented to him by the Emperor of Aspramontania.

Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia.

Seest thou yon Chief, whose presence seems to rule
The storm of battle? Lo! where'er he moves,
Death follows! Carnage sits upon his crest,
Fate on his sword is thron'd, and his white *Barb*,
As a proud courser of Apollo's chariot,
Seems breathing fire.

Potter's Æschylus.

Oh! bonnie look'd my ain true Knight,
His *Barb* so proudly reining;
I watch'd him till my tearfu' sight
Grew amaist dim wi' straining.

Border Minstrelsy.

Why, he can heel the Lavolt,* and wind a fiery *Barb*, as well as any gallant in christendom. He 's the very pink and mirror of accomplishment.

Shakspeare.

Fair star of Beauty's Heaven! to call thee mine,
All other joys I joyously would yield;
My knightly crest, my bounding *Barb* resign,

* Lavolt, a dance of olden time.

For the poor shepherd's crook and daisied field;
For courts or camps no wish my soul would prove,
So thou wouldst live with me and be my love.

Earl of Surry's Poems.

For thy dear love my weary soul is grown
Heedless of youthful sports; I seek no more
Or joyous dance, or music's thrilling tone,
Or tales that once could charm in minstrel lore
Of knightly tilt, where steel-clad champions meet,
Borne on impetuous *Barbs*, to bleed at Beauty's feet.

Milton's Sonnets.

As a warrior clad
In sable arms, like chaos dull and sad,
But mounted on a *Barb* as white
As the fresh, new-born light;
So the black night too soon
Came riding on the bright and silver moon,
Whose radiant, heavenly ark,
Made all the clouds beyond her influence seem
E'en more than doubly dark,
Mourning, all widow'd of her glorious beam.

Cowley.

STANZAS.

O! LET my eyes declare the flame
Their language paints so well;
I name it not,—it hath no name,
For speech is all too poor, too tame,
To picture passion's spell;
And what is love defined by word?
'T is music seen,—'t is beauty heard!

I will not mock with idle praise,
Fair being, charms like thine,
Nor wake, with wild, impassion'd lays,
Forbidden hopes of better days,
And joys that once were mine;
But in my heart all hidden bear
The thoughts that struggle darkly there.

Let flatterers frame their honied lies
And weave them into song,
Let *rhymers* prate in love-lorn wise
Of golden locks and azure eyes;—

They know not how they wrong
A passion far too pure, too high,
To light such earthly incense by.

'T is not the wild, the stormy word
That speaks the deep-tried heart:
But as from clouds by tempests stirr'd,
Although the thunder be not heard,
The lightning's flash will dart;
So will the eye, when mute the tongue,
Betray the soul too fiercely wrung.

And thus my looks confess the flame
My heart would still conceal;
Then spare this *boyish* brow the shame
Of naming that which all can name,
Though few—how few!—can feel;
But read my eyes, and spurn or share
The passion thou decipher'st there.

Yes! spurn or share!—nor idly deem
That love can be return'd
By distant friendship, cold esteem,—
Which seem, as Lapland's night might seem
Where Afric's day hath burn'd.
Thy scorn to blast—thy love to bless—
I ask no more,—I brook no less!

A RETROSPECT.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky.
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

WORDSWORTH.

THAT is a charming reverie, and not an idle one, which sometimes takes us from the present and carries us back to the firesides of our first homes. There is truly an enchantment in that circle where memory first finds us; and though time has broken it up, and they who sat in it cannot sit together again, yet its holy magic still remains and operates within us. That magic baffles the power of time. It has fixed in the fancy a deep and enduring image of the scene where its influence began. It has power to keep alive the smiles that beamed on our childhood, and to echo for ever the

voices that first mingled with our own in the
of domestic love. The lips that have long be
to the world, have still a language with us,
hearts that have ceased to beat, have a living
thy with our own.

The first home is the school of the hea
memory will keep a record of its lessons, a
them precious and full of joy to us, so long as
ish the amiable spirit they inspired. In that sc
social affections, our religious love, our faith an
God, were planted and had their first culture
him who has kept these safe amid the sto
blights of after life, how delightful to follow th
along that chain of associations which fastened
link to the hearthstone of the home of his ch
Our early love of kindred is the stock on w
other good affections are engrafted. It is the
that is seen and felt in all a parent's conduct,
interprets to us the character of God, and sh
more perfect Parent above, worthy of more perf
and confidence. Our affections must first begin
and find some being here to awaken and clai
before they can rise to heaven and fix thems
their most worthy, their eternal object. The
faith that is now too strong to be shaken by t
tic, too fervent to be chilled by the scoffer, f
hold of us in its strength and warmth, when w
ed to lisp our devotions at a mother's knee,

lieved and adored because our very natures must and would believe and adore. The virtuous friendships of life are sought for and formed and held sacred, because the heart found out their charm and their necessity, in the mutual love and kind offices of young brothers and sisters. How full of interest the scene where all these influences began! Oh, there is a charm that clings for ever to the virtuous and peaceful home of childhood! Strange children may now have gathered round that altar, the last of our kindred may have left it, and our name never be spoken there again, still it is the home of our innocence, our affections, our purest joys. None can return to it, even in thought, with a feeling of indifference. The retrospect must be full of delight or sorrow. He who has kept that innocence amidst the more turbulent and trying scenes that have succeeded, whose joys are still pure, whose affections are still holy, can go and dwell there in pleasant remembrance, and find new encouragements to virtue, new strength in its pursuit, new zest in its enjoyments. If life has since gone smoothly with him, memory brings from that home new fervor and freshness to the gratitude he feels towards the Being whom he there first learned to love and to thank; and if roughly, resignation is made easy by communion with the same God whom he there prayed to and trusted in so confidently—the God who blessed him in his childhood. But alas for the recreant sinner, whose innocence is lost, whose

temptation, the faith that was strong, but fell
the heart grew corrupt and the life sinful,—tl
now most glaringly, most horribly present to
mockery of his weakness, in aggravation of h
edness. The parents who loved and cared for l
whose love and care were in vain; who warne
danger and the way of escape, but could not sa
are still heard, and will be heard while his bei
repeating fondly and solemnly those warnings
junctions which he has fatally slighted though
not forget.

Reader, if thou hast such a home and art g
happy in it, be sure thou never wilt forget it.
when all thy kindred shall have left it for the
the wide world, and it is no longer a home for
thine, if then thou shouldst lose thy purity
rightness in thy way through the world, be

once feltest such sweet peace, and though the repentance be bitter as death, humble thyself, and become again as a little child. Renew there thy violated vows, purify thy abused affections, seek in prayer thy lost faith. And when thou hast reconciled thyself to the God whom thou lovedst in thy childhood, and become again what thy first guardians desired and prayed that thou shouldst be, then thou mayest taste again and for ever the departed joys of thy first home.

TO A LADY

PLAYING ON THE PIANO FORTE.

THANKS, Orphea, thanks; thy magic skill
  Has waked my soul to sound;
And deep within a sealed well
  A spring of joy is found.

My ear was like the wayward strings,
  Which the wild winds breathe o'er;
And fitful in its echoings
  Has my spirit been before.

But something in my inmost soul
  Responds to each touch of thine,
And bids me own thy wondrous art,
  The soul of the "tuneful Nine."

Yes! all I 've dream'd of bright or fair,
  Is but embodied sound,
Music is floating on the air,
  In every thing around.

All Nature has of breezy grace
In motion swift and free,
Each lovely hue upon her face,
Is living melody.

Well might thy witchery inspire
The bard's enraptured lay,
And flashes of prophetic fire
Around thy fingers play.

And vainly would the haunted king
Have sought relief from thee,
For chain'd had been each demon's wing
By thy rich minstrelsy.

Priestess of a mighty power!
My spirit worships thee,
For inspiration is thy dower,
Thy voice is poetry.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

WHY was the maid a sunbeam on our path?
Why did dim eyes grow bright when she drew nigh,
And young hearts throb more quickly as she passed,
And crouching Poverty look up to smile,
And jewell'd Wealth bow down the head to her?
How did she win Earth's *only* priceless boon,
The deep, fond love of faithful human hearts?
Power did not sit on that unsceptred hand,
Crown, coronet, was none on that meek brow,
The floors of gorgeous palaces ne'er felt
The noiseless tread of that soft, fairy foot;
And the white dove, the tame and petted stag,
That came and bent his antler'd brow to her
To feel the kind caress of her white hand,
The faithful dog whose honest eye watch'd hers—
Made up her innocent and peaceful court.
Wealth wreath'd no gems amid her braided locks;
The rose-bud veil'd in moss, the fragrant flowers
Born of the quiet lake—all purity—
Alone gleam'd o'er the brow they scarce adorn'd.

Wealth held no glittering goblet to her lips,
And spread no sleepless couch of down for her,
And call'd no slaves from farthest Ind to clasp
The glittering bauble on her arm, and wait
The murmurs of her lip, and nurse the sloth
That woos, yet wastes and wears, the unemploy'd.
Beauty! there was no beauty on that cheek,
That roseless cheek; and 'mid the lovely ones
Dim and eclips'd she stood, when worldly eyes
Were gazing on fair forms and glances bright,
And lips and cheeks dyed like a sunset cloud;
The spell of *beauty* hung not on her steps.
How did the maiden win earth's dearest boon,
The deep, fond love of faithful human hearts?
The rich man's courtesy, the poor man's prayer,
And laughing childhood's innocent caress?
—She won them by her pure and sinless life,
By the kind accents of her gentle lips,
By the deep wisdom of her well-stor'd mind,
And the glad smiles that dwelt upon her face,
Telling of innocence and peace within!

THE FAIR UNKNOWN.

THERE is one whom I love, there is one who loves me,
Though neither yet knows who the lov'd one may be;
We are wedded, long wedded, though bound by no vows,
The world thinks us strangers,—the heart knows its spouse.

Ours is not the wedlock established of old,
A rash vow repented when love has grown cold,—
The form of a union where union there 's none,—
The letter preserved when the spirit is gone.

No, ours are those ties which the world cannot force,
Which survive every change but affection's divorce,
And, linked with the dark thread of destiny, twine
Round life's varied pathway an evergreen vine.

Our bridal, it was not in temple or bower;
No pledges exchanged we with ring or with flower,
No offer was made, and no courtship was spun,
I wooed not, I sued not, and yet we are one.

I saw her but once, and I asked not her name;
I loved, and I kindled an answering flame;
A glance of the eye and a tone of the voice
Were all that betokened our mutual choice.

We gazed till each saw in the other's full soul
—Victorious victims—love's yielding control;
Enthralling, enthralled, with reciprocal sway,
We blessed and were blest, gained and lost, on that day.

'T is long, fair Unknown, since the dawn of that bliss,
But the thought of those moments gives rapture to this;
And oft, as I live o'er our meeting again,
Thine image illumines my path-way of pain.

THE CONTRAST.

One cold December evening, as the stage whirled through the village of ——, it stopped at the door of a humble cottage, and set down a single traveller. It was the abode of a poor widow, whose heart beat quick within her when the joyous sound of the sleigh-bells ceased so unexpectedly at her own door. She well knew that the unlooked for visiter could be none other than her only son; and trembling with joy, surprise, and eagerness, she hurried to meet him. But ere her hand had touched the latch, a fearful sound struck upon her ear. In the short, hollow cough, which the poor invalid in vain sought to stifle, she too well knew the symptom of that complaint which had made her a widow, and but for this *one* a childless woman; and now she felt that she was to be wholly bereaved. It was a sad meeting. Walter had left her when the blooming cheek and bright eye of his boyhood bade her hope that in the constitution of her youngest and gentlest, the seeds of untimely decay, had not been sown before his birth; for five long years of appren-

ticeship in the distant city, had he nursed her hopes into certainty by constant and cheering letters; and now when, in her fond imagination, she had pictured him to herself, ripened into glowing and hardy manhood, he suddenly stood before her, a tall, pale, slender, death-smitten stripling, the very image of her eldest born, as he looked but one short month before she followed him to his early grave. "I have come home, mother, for you to cure me," said the youth. She could not answer him.

With an aching heart, the mother, that night made ready the bed, in which five of those she best loved on earth had died; and laid upon it her softest pillows for the emaciated temples of her *last:* and when she heard him assure her, that his complaint was only a slow fever, and that the city air had not agreed with him of late, and he should soon be well, now he was at home, and had *her* to nurse him, the heart of the poor widow sunk within her, and there was a choking in her throat, that almost stifled the few words she tried to utter. It was hard that night to pray; but she did pray, until her spirit waxed warm within her, and she felt stronger to bear the heavy burden which was now laid upon her so suddenly.

Long before midnight she turned the pillow, which she had drenched with tears, and laying her head upon it in holy confidence that all was for the best, she sunk into the peaceful sleep of innocence. After this came

the well known cares, and anxieties, and fears, and comforts. It was not long ere the sufferer himself, knew that he had only come home to have his last hours soothed, as none but a mother can sooth them, and to repose in the church yard, where he had wandered among the graves in his childhood. From that hour the mother and son talked little of earth and earthly things, when alone together, except at those transient intervals, when, cheated for an instant by the deceitful nature of his complaint, life again rose gleaming in fairy colors, before the eye of the youthful sufferer, and seemed for a moment nearer, brighter, and more substantial than the blessed regions beyond the grave. Short, however, were these intervals, and even in them the more experienced eye of the mother read too well all that might once have deceived her; at such times she found it needful to pray alone. She did not ask that the cup might pass from her, that her son might be spared to her; she had done that when she was young in sorrow, and had not been sufficiently chastised. But now she felt assured that he was to die, and that it was best he should die; she only prayed that he might be fitted for that pure and happy world, into which he was mercifully taken so young, and that she might be comforted from above, through her present trial, and through the loneliness of her old age. Both prayers were reasonable, and they were not rejected. The very act of praying for resig-

nation soothes us into that blessed state of mind for which we pray. During the sickness of her son, the cares of the widow were many; but so too were her comforts. She toiled for him, but she prayed with him. Those who knew how very dear he was to her, and that he was her all upon earth, would scarcely have believed that she could have known a happy hour while he lay before her eyes dying by inches; yet there were many times, when, as she listened to the pure and holy sentiments of a dying Christian, and looked on his cheek, flushed not more with the fire that revelled in his veins than with hope, and beheld the saintly expression of his eyes, humbly but fervently raised towards heaven, she felt that it was joy thus to contemplate even the last of her children. She regarded him, not as a being of earth, but as one about to ascend almost visibly to his proper home, a region of perfect purity and happiness. How could she weep while such ideas crowded on her mind?

In the same village, and separated only by a small orchard from the cottage of the pious widow, lived one on whom the sun of worldly prosperity shone bright. Seated amidst the rural abundance of a large and thriving farm, surrounded by a family of healthy children, and almost a stranger to sorrow from her birth, the neighbour of our widow was a woman who performed all her worldly duties without reproach, looked upon the peace and plenty that surrounded her as a matter of

course, and rose up in the morning, and lay down in the evening, without one aspiration of heartfelt prayer or gratitude to Him whom she never denied, but seldom thought of as the author of her happiness.

Twice only had even the shadow of grief fallen upon her dwelling during a long life; once when the husband whom she had wedded with indifference in her youth was taken from her, after ten years of union had warmed her heart into something like conjugal love; and once when her eldest and favorite child, after a boyhood of dangerous idleness and mischievous pranks, eloped from her and went to sea. From that time she had never heard from him; months and years rolled on, filled up with a round of petty duties, cares, and joys; and she had imperceptibly learned to think of him as one whose face she should behold no more. But scarcely a fortnight after the gentle and pious Walter returned to die under the eye of his mother, George Nelson came home, to the long forsaken abode of his childhood. Proud and happy, indeed, was the mother, as she gazed on the handsome and hardy sailor, and beheld him loaded, as she thought, with the fruits of successful toil; proud and happy, but not grateful!

The frequent oath, indeed, sounded strangely and harshly on her ear; and sometimes during the jollity of his unguarded moments, she heard tales to which she wished she had not listened. But her doubts and her scruples sprung from no deep source; and though she

ɜared that all was not right, her very soul did not hudder within her, in that horror of depravity natural o those whose affections are given to a God of purity; nd her doubts did not prey upon her spirit. She re-ıembered that such were the ways of sailors; she alliated the sins of the man in her own mind, as she ad done the follies of the boy, and for three days ex-lted and was happy. The bold yet suspicious eye of ıe youth, certain inconsistencies in the account he ave of himself during his long absence, and the utter ant of principle betrayed in his conversation, won im no regard among his neighbours; particularly among ıose who remembered against him the misdemeanors nd general recklessness of his boyhood. Yet the eye f a mother closed itself against all that might shock er partiality; till on the evening of the third day, an wful light broke upon her, and she awoke in horror om her dream.

The family had gathered round the blazing fire that ınt roaring volumes up the chimney, illuminating with ɜ red and dancing beams the whole apartment, from ıe younger children that nestled in the corner close by ıe blaze, to the dark cloaks and garments that hung ınd the walls; the room rung with the sounds of erriment, and the voice of the young sailor was heard uder than all, singing songs fitter indeed for the fore-ıstle, where he had learned them, than for the do-estic fireside. As the mother moved to and fro in the

apartment, her eye fell carelessly sometimes through a window on the beautiful winter evening landscape that lay without, the fields wrapped in one wide sheet of spotless snow, and reposing under the moonlight and starlight of a cloudless sky, calm and lovely as the remains of departed innocence and beauty. But her's was not a soul to be moved with such a scene ; and it had not power to arrest her eye one moment, till a face, the face of a man appeared, looking in at the window. Then she stopped, and another, and another presented itself, apparently surveying the group around the fireside. There was a moment's consultation, and they all disappeared ; but ere the widow, surprised and appalled, she scarce knew why, had opened her panic-struck lips, there was a trampling of feet in the snow without, the door was burst open, and three men rushed into the room. At the first glimpse of their countenances, George sprang from his seat with an oath, and after a wild glance round the room in search of other means of escape, made a desperate attempt to force his way past them. The struggle was violent and short, and presently, bound, panting, and helpless, he stood unresistingly among them. Then the shrieks of his mother fell on his ear, his head sunk on his breast, his knees shook under him, and his little brothers and sisters, who looked that night on his ghastly and sullen countenance, never forgot it till their dying day. The words "bloody pirate and murderer," were all that the mother

heard; the bound arms and guilty brow of her son, were all that she saw; and a flood of grief, horror, and, to her worst of all, *worldly shame*, rushed upon her soul.

Long before midnight, the unhappy criminal was far on his way to the scene of trial, conviction, ignominious and untimely death; leaving behind him a home filled with shrieks and agony. His crime was indeed a crime of blood; a murder committed with the aid of two accomplices on the wide and lonely ocean, where the death-cry of the wretched victim could reach no human ear, and his horrid struggles as they threw him into the sea, mangled and yet living, were vain as the hope of human succour. The particulars of the tale never reached the ear of his mother; but in the hopeless, alas! almost *prayerless* misery of that night, she felt what it was to have lived "without God in the world," and so to have brought up her eldest born.

That same night, the pure spirit of Walter Temple ascended to the God who gave it. His mother was alone in the room with him when he woke from a quiet sleep; and pressing her shrivelled hand in his own cold and emaciated fingers, he whispered a request that she would read him one more chapter in the Bible. She took it up, but as she looked on his face, she saw there the impress of death. She put the book into his hand, and eagerly drawing forward the dim candle that stood by his bedside, she beheld rather than heard the faint

The childless widow looked upon him lo
earnestly, ere she knelt down by the bedside, t
and pray; she could hardly believe that he wa
so gentle had been the dreaded separation of bo
soul; never had she seen the departing spirit ex
self so peacefully from its tenement of clay.
did not seem possible in the nature of things, t
last and youngest should lie there a corpse, wh
stood by with her silver hair, bent figure, and w
cheek, like one whose proper hour had long
come, and who had nothing more to do on earth
when she did realize that he was dead, she utt
shrieks, no bitter wailings of despair, for she fe
she had no cause; yet she wept when she felt h
loneliness, when she looked on his youth and t

the seraphic smile of dissolution; and she parted the fair locks on his forehead, till the chill of death struck to her fingers, and the struggle between the sickness of her heart and the faith that endureth all things, became too strong to be borne; then she walked away with a tottering step, to her own straw pallet, whispering fervently as she went, "My God! oh forsake me not! help me yet a little longer to bear this sorrow!"

Towards the grey of the morning, a short and broken sleep, full of dreams, came upon each widow. But the visions of the one were of horror and dismay; scenes of blood and violence thickened round her; or she went through dark dungeons to visit some wretched prisoner, whose dimly seen features were but too familiar, or she beheld the tall gibbet start up before her eyes, in some well known spot, where her children sported round her; and in each wild dream, *one* face and figure still haunted her, till she woke only to shriek and shudder, as consciousness of the dreadful reality rushed over her mind. But peace waved her angel-wings over the humble roof of the *poor* widow, though death was within her doors; the spirits of the departed came round her pillow, with bright and happy faces, the voices of those she loved rung in her ears, and her dreams were of Heaven and blessed things. She too woke to affliction, but it was affliction temper-

ed with hope and resignation ; and great was the contrast between the sorrows which had that night fallen on the two dwellings.

December, 1826.

THE LOVER'S RETURN.

" O, TELL me, my daughter, why is it, that now
There 's a tear in thine eye, and a cloud on thy brow ?
Thy footsteps no longer are light in the vale,
And the cheek, once so rosy, is haggard and pale.

" I will bring thee, my daughter, a garland so fair,
To entwine in the locks of thy dark waving hair."
" Its freshness will fade, and its bloom will decay,
Then weave me no wreaths that will wither away."

" I will bring thee a gem, that shall sparkle as bright
As the planet that flames on the girdle of night."
" I ask not thy jewels, their splendor is vain,
They will sooth not my slumbers, will ease not my
pain."

" Oh weep not, my daughter, while others are gay,
It is not for thee to be grieving to day ;
Let sorrow no longer o'ershadow thy charms,
For thy long absent lover has come to thine arms."

The gloom passed away from the brow of his child;
Full deeply she crimsoned, but sweetly she smiled;
And soon by her lover, the maiden did stand,
With a wreath in her tresses, a gem on her hand.

R. L.

BURIAL OF A MAIDEN AT SEA.

O LAY her in the stormy grave,
And soft her slumbers be,
Her pillow is the mountain wave,
Her tomb the boundless sea.

Old Ocean round the maiden's breast
His mantle green shall fold,
And angels guard her silent rest
Beneath the waters cold.

Still shall the angry tempests sweep,
The ceaseless tide shall flow;
But wind, nor wave, shall break her sleep
Who lies in peace below.

Farewell! The waves are closing fast
Around thy fading form;
O may thy spirit find at last,
A home without a storm.

ON, ON! FOR EVER AND AYE!

Winds of the sky! ye hurry by,
On your strong and busy wings!
And your might is great, and your song is high,
And true is the tale it sings.
"On, on! for ever and aye!
Round the whole earth lieth our way;
On, on! for we may not stay!"

Murmuring stream! like a soft dream
Goest thou stealing along;
Thou pausest not in shade or gloom,
And this is thy ceaseless song.
"On, on! for ever and aye!
Down to the deep lieth my way;
On, on! for I may not stay!"

Queen of yon high and dim blue vault!
Gliding past many a star,
'Mid their bright orbs thou dost not halt,
And a voice comes from thy car.

"On, on! for ever and aye!
Round the whole earth lieth my way;
On, on! for I may not stay!"

Thoughts of my mind! ye hurry on;
Whence ye come I may not know,
But from my soul ye straight are gone,
In a ceaseless, ceaseless flow!
"On, on! for ever and aye!
By a behest we must obey,
On, on! for we may not stay."

Ye may not stay! there is no rest
On earth for the good man's foot!
He should go forth on errands blest,
And toil for unearthly fruit.
On, on! for ever and aye!
Idle not precious hours away;
On, on! for ye may not stay!

Sit ye not down in Sloth's dark bower,
Where shades o'er the spirit fall;
Pause not to wreath the sunny flower
That is worn in Pleasure's hall.
On, on! for ever and aye!
Duties spring up along your way;
Do good, for ye may not stay!

CONVERSATION AROUND THE WORK-TABLE.

HENRY B——, WITH HIS COUSINS.

Catherine. Do pray let us hear what taste is, then?

Henry. What, talk of taste to you, who, as some one says, "are the mirror and perfect pattern of all true taste."

Catherine. Pretty well said, Sir Knight; but to the point.

Henry. So be it then, sweet cousins. Did you ever see a girl between sweet eighteen and twenty-four, with a most changeful and melting eye, with lips "like a torn rose-leaf," and a cheek delicately and changefully tinted, as if "a young blush had got entangled there" in its struggles to get free, with a proud neck and a form like a chiselled Venus, full of a quick motion that forbade rest; in short, with a figure, eye, and countenance, so full of beauty, that whilst you gazed, you almost forgot their being, in an intense and bewildering feeling of delight? Now we will suppose a girl of this description. Before we become acquainted with her, she is an object of taste, which as such excites within us an emotion of the highest pleasure.

And now let us become acquainted with her, and discover that this foam-born beauty is selfish, that she has a heart thoroughly dry and scorched, and that her mind is imprisoned in a circle not broader than her narrowest finger ring,—that she is without feeling, without gentleness, without wit, without sense. Is such a one, when known, beautiful? Is she in good taste?

Lucy. That is a question for you to answer. We are most patient listeners.

Henry. Well, to answer my own question, I think she is not. Every one who looks upon her, is pained rather than pleased. Although he sees that every feature is perfect, he feels that something is still wanting. His tongue indeed, may tell of her surpassing loveliness, but his eye, which just rests upon her, and then wanders away to fix upon another, whom the same tongue declares is not beautiful, shows that he has deceived himself; that he has believed a rule, rather than the heart, the judge of the rule. And why does she not excite an emotion of beauty in the breast of the beholder? The reason is plain. A woman is made up of body and mind, and so closely are these connected in our ideas of a living human being, that it is impossible for us to separate them. They are necessarily conjoined. Our idea, after we have formed an acquaintance with her, is formed of her as a whole; and more than this, the mind is the most important part of this whole. There is moreover such a thing as physiogno-

my. To one possessing certain features, we ascribe peculiar characteristics; to this person, envy and malice, and every thing low and creeping and vile; to that, all gentle and more noble affections; to this, pride; to that pusillanimity; to this, intellect; to that, stupidity.

To see a woman with a countenance betokening all the gentler affections, and afterwards to discover that it covers a low and sordid mind, strikes us as it would to look through the windows of a palace, with an outside of the richest and most finished workmanship, and see within, unshaven beams and rafters, half laid floors, broken wainscotings and cobwebs and bats and desolation; whilst there issued out from its opened portals, not the sons of kings, but limping, crutched, and tattered gipsies; or, to enter into a gray monastery, and find, instead of the priests of God ministering before the altar, overgrown and torpid monks at grovelling revelry; or, it is like a fair apple which we take up, and find when we taste, that it is that dead-sea fruit, full of ashes, bitterness, and death; or, (have patience, and I shall find the right one presently,) like a bonnet of the cheapest materials and workmanship, overloaded with a most gorgeous display of tawdry ribbands, and costly ornaments. Beautiful features are the pledge, as they are the token of a corresponding beauty of mind. It is hardly possible for us to conceive of a beautiful person's being thrown away upon a deformed mind. An exalted spirit may stoop to a lowly dwelling, but for

he dwelling, for this breathing and portable house of nan, to be better than the mind which dwells therein, s shocking to all propriety. All our ideas of fitness ınd propriety are, at once, rudely insulted.

In short, the beautiful face tells of a higher and more :everenced beauty within; and if this be not there, it ıas told us a falsehood. That instinctive love of truth, which is strong and undying in the most degraded mind, ıas been abused, and the beautiful face has not only told us one falsehood, but at every word the falsehood s renewed. Her very being is false. There is no fit-ıess, no correspondence, no truth, between her mind ınd person. And now, since a feeling of beauty is ıcarce any thing but a feeling of livelier pleasure, and ıince falsehood, as such, in all its forms, from the very :onstitution of our natures, is and must always be pain-ul to us, how can she, with such a draw-back, ever ıeem beautiful. Go into a crowd, and they whose ·eatures are most perfect, and figure most graceful, are very rarely the ones whose presence makes the blood ingle, and the heart thrill, as if the strained ear were :atching the falls of distant, moonlight music; but it is hose who, with not unhandsome features and figure, ıossess minds that exactly correspond.

Catherine. But in all this you take for granted, vhat at least may seem doubtful, namely, the intimate ınd necessary coincidence of body and mind, in our deas of a human being.

of one, have heard the corresponding chords of the other give an answering sound. Such an instrument is the bosom of man. It will echo naturally to truth uttered from another's heart. Its chords may be so clogged, that their music shall scarcely be heard, but a man must be fearfully depraved before they are quite voiceless. But be it as it may, it is on this instinctive and innate love and perception of truth, that taste depends. That is in taste, which is true,—true to its subject, its object, and its author. He is a man of taste, who possesses an enlarged knowledge of the relation of things, a heart so pure that the love of truth which dwells in his heart may act, and independence of surrounding influences so that it may pursue its natural tendency. Taste is truth. Knowledge, inward purity, and independence, united and exerted, make a man of taste.

Lucy. The conclusion I believe, may be true; but such a path to get to it!

Catherine. I fear, if it be true, that there are few who possess good taste. For if I understand you, to have a perfect taste, one must not only know every thing, but he must have moulded his heart into a continual habit of noble, pure, and high-minded feeling; he must be also a man of principle in the highest sense of that term. In short, he must be perfect. And just as much as he lacks in knowledge, and just as much as his mind is debased by corrupting habits, just so much does he fail of being a man of taste; for just in this

proportion is he prevented from seeing and feeling truth.

Henry. Precisely; thank you; just what I myself would have said, could I have said it half so well. If you will promise always to help me to a conclusion, I will give you a lecture every evening. But see, an August moon is looking down upon us through the window. Let us go walk.

FORMER DAYS.

We are less affected by the remembrance than by the actual presence of evil. The immediate influence of our forefathers' vices is spent, and as we do not feel it, we do not arraign it; but contemporary depravity stares us in the face, and with a visible hand interferes with our interests and disturbs our peace. We forget, or we view with indifference, the disappointments and sufferings of our childhood. The wounds which were long ago inflicted, are closed by the healing hand of time, and we touch the scars without pain; but not so when the barb is in our flesh, for then is the season of anguish and complaint. The rough ascents, frowning crags, and deep gullies of the distant mountain are melted down into one broad, smooth, and easy surface, and a scarcely broken outline, by the intervening distance and the blue air; and thus the deformities in the characters of our ancestors, are dimly seen through the lapse of ages, and even metamorphosed into beauties, by the softening, forgiving medium of years through which we view them. It is because those deformities

re not near us, that we look on them with a compla-
ent, rather than a terrified or disgusted aspect; it is
ecause we are not toiling in the midst of those preci-
ices and ravines, that their difficulties distress us not,
nd their dangers are not perceived. Nothing can be
ore natural than this disposition of things, and at the
ame time nothing can be more deceptive. Nothing
an be more natural, than that we should pass over
ith little comment the crimes and outrages, the trea-
ons, plots and murders, the countless acts of violence
nd phrenzy, which certainly did take place a hundred
ears ago, because we do not feel ourselves particularly
ggrieved by them, because they do not deprive us of
omfort, property, or friends; and yet nothing can be
ore partial than this neglect or lenity, because, after
ll, those sins had an actual existence at that time, and
ere as offensive in their character, and as terrible in
heir deformity, as the same sins are now. But they
ave receded so far as to lose their horrors, if not en-
irely to melt away.

Analogous to this feeling of forgiveness and general
mnesty toward evils that are past, is the sentiment
f kindness and solemn pity or reverence, which we
ntertain for the dead. It is the tendency of our na-
ure to magnify whatever there was of good in them,
nd to diminish or put out of sight all that in them was
vil. We inscribe their virtues on their grave stones;
re permit their vices to be buried beneath them. In

our receptacles of kindred dust, the righteous and the wicked are mingled promiscuously together; we know that they are; but could we ever discover the fact from the epitaphs which we read? Is there one among them all which speaks to us of frailty or guilt? Not one. They record the names of good husbands and wives, good relatives, good citizens, good friends; but there is not one which traces out those terrible, those degrading truths, which might be told of so many of those who occupy the still mansions below. If flattery itself can invent no praise for an individual, an absolute silence is maintained, and his vices are given up to the merciful charge of oblivion.

The saying of Antony over the body of Cæsar may be quoted against me: "The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones." That this may sometimes be accidentally the case is not denied; but that it "oft" is so, cannot be granted. In this very instance, the event contradicted the assertion; for a simple legacy in Cæsar's will, had the effect of changing the current of popular opinion, and effacing from the memory of the multitude whole years of tyranny and blood. This act of generosity it was, which lived after him, while his thousand acts of oppression were interred with his benes. I am aware that I am on poetical and not historical ground; but as the objection was drawn from poetry, so may the answer be.

But the general fact is undeniable, that the grave is the chief healer of divisions, and calmer of animosities, and concealer of faults. If it is our enemy who has gone down to its chambers, we can find excuses for him in abundance now he is dead, though we never could while he was living. His form has passed away from our sight; his bad qualities can no more offend us, his ill will no longer pursues us, he has taken his place in the dust, and our enmity is laid down by his side. If the deceased is a friend, we feel angry with ourselves if we happen to call to mind the slightest of his failings, and hold it an insult on his memory; while his excellencies and his services, his kind words and his sweet smiles, are locked up like relics in our hearts.

This fact is so evident that the maxim has long been proverbial, which enjoins it upon us not to speak of the dead, except in praise. My inference from this undeniable fact, is, that what is felt for the dead, whom we remember, must be felt for the whole collective mass of the dead, or in other words, for past ages, because past ages are nothiug else than all the dead; they are the innumerable and silent family whose habitation is the tomb. We are therefore disposed to be indulgent to the people of former days, to exalt their memory, to flatter them, for they are dead; to allow that they were better than ourselves, for they are dead; to forgive or forget their faults, for they themselves are dead. If I may be permitted the figure, I should say,

that over the vast grave of a departed world, the filial sentiment of the living has inscribed an epitaph, which, like most other epitaphs, has more of kindness and piety in it, than of discrimination or truth.

Another cause of the immoderate reverence which has been felt for old times, is, that men are not in general accustomed to reflect very deeply on the origin and occasions of present evil. Suffering is apt to be short-sighted, and to wreak its sense of injury on the nearest objects. We naturally, but not always correctly, join together our misfortunes and the times in which we bear them, in one sentence of condemnation; not considering that half of these misfortunes are entailed upon us by those very times which we so extravagantly laud. I have no kind of doubt, that many of the crimes or errors which are considered as the peculiar disgrace of a certain generation, had their beginning and encouragement in some preceding generation, and then came down, strong and shameless, with their whole train and progeny of disasters, to quarter themselves on a comparatively innocent race. I will point out one instance of this—the existence of slavery in our own country and age, which has been the cause of so much unhappiness to us, and which is like to be the cause of so much more. It is called a blot upon our nation's name, a stain upon our honor, a disgrace to our professions; and so it is, and we had better acknowledge it to be so. But it is to be considered, too,

and considered well, when we talk of former days, that long and long ago, before one individual of the present generation saw the light, *our fathers* brought slaves to these shores, and grew rich upon their labor, and handed them down, as a chief inheritance, to their sons. Now they must either have regarded this traffic in fellow creatures, as we are beginning to do, as inhuman and unhallowed, or as justifiable and innocent. If they thought it right, what must have been their notions of justice and mercy? If they thought it wrong, why did they so eagerly pursue it, reckless of the guilt and miserably blind to the consequences? In either case it is but fair that they and their age should at least share the obloquy of the practice with us and ours.

And this is the state of things with many of our bad habits, and false systems, and injurious customs. The streams of our most considerable prejudices flow from remote sources; sometimes so remote, that, like those of the Nile, they are hardly to be discovered. These sources are the ignorance, the errors, the superstitions, the vices of our ancestors; and that they are abundantly copious, every one who is at all conversant with the history of his kind, will see. The sins of the fathers are in this manner visited upon the children; though it often happens that the children do not know it, and take the blame entirely to themselves, and bear a burthen of imputation which might easily be shifted, or at any rate more equally borne. They

look round upon the evils which everywhere offend their sight, and exclaim, "What a wretched, corrupted age is ours! how deteriorated from the happy, golden age of our forefathers! What is the cause that the former days were better than these?" They inquire not wisely concerning this. The truth is, that these evils must have had an origin, many of them a distant one; and if they were properly traced would be found in their early strength, in regions far remote from those to which they are exclusively ascribed.

Taking into view the mistakes of past ages which have been transmitted to ours, it is an encouraging circumstance, and one which affords good augury of our improvement, that we are as wise and as virtuous as we are. As we have the sins of prescription, and establishment, and education, as well as those which are more strictly our own, upon our times, then, bad as our times may be, it is much in our favor that they are no worse. The current of ill rushes down to us, swollen by tributary streams, from the far off countries of the past, and improvement is compelled to struggle against it, and it does make head, after all. The power of resistance, indeed, is, in a great measure, derived also from the past. I deny not that. We acquire much good, as well as receive much evil, from our ancestors; but we retain more of the good than of the evil, and we employ the good to check, and counter-

act and overcome the evil; and what is that but improvement?

Few things are more evident, then, than that we should think less highly of former days, if we did not refer all existing evil to our own days, instead of looking back to see where a great part of it came from.

There is another cause, not of much consequence, it may be, and yet not without its influence, which operates in favor of a high estimate of the generations that are past. There are some who are led by their habits and inclinations, to attach a false or disproportionate value to certain practices or manners, which anciently prevailed, but are now grown obsolete. They determine, in the first place, that these practices and manners are good, and that they stamp with their character the age in which they were observed; and in the next place, that the age which has disclaimed and disused them, is therefore inferior to the other. The strict disciplinarian, for instance, will sigh for the days, when children stood at an awful distance from their parents, and the rod was the most approved medicine for all moral disorders; or he will pray for the return of the good old times, when stragglers were taken up in the streets on the Sabbath, and carred by force to church, just as they would be carried to jail. Thus does it sometimes happen that the errors themselves, of old times, gain for them admirers, and that the improve-

of the present age, would refuse to concur in the aspiration which every wellwisher of his race must breathe, that the next may be a wiser, a better, and a happier one. F. W. P. G.

A TALE OF THE PYRENEES,

OR SKETCHES OF HUMAN CHARACTER.

You have requested me, brethren, said the venerable Abbot of St. Benedict's, to give you a more full account than you have yet had, of my early life: I now comply, in the hope that my story, while it shows the mercy of him who has guarded me through so many dangers, may lead you to depend more firmly, amidst the trials of life, upon his aid, and to follow unhesitating and determined the path to which duty points you.

I was born in the year 1382, in a pleasant valley among the Pyrenees. Protected by lofty mountains from outward attacks, and in the neighbourhood of rich and flourishing provinces, this valley had for years been the strong hold of a numerous band of robbers. You will easily recollect, from your acquaintance with our country's history for the last hundred years, that after the disastrous war with King Edward III. of England had been concluded, immense multitudes of soldiers were at once disbanded. Unprovided with means of

honest support, unfitted by the habits of a camp for any regular labor, with arms in their hands, it is no wonder that robbery was the first profession that offered itself to them. The government, still weak, was unable to restrain them. The pope in vain laid them under the censures of the church. The chivalrous bandits, under the famous Du Guesclin, laughed to scorn the threats of the powerless monarch, and with a singular mixture of religion and sacrilege, made themselves masters of the person of the pope, then at Avignon, and obtained from him by force, a release from the anathema under which he had placed them. Infatuated men—but alas! at whom am I indignant? To the instigator of that enterprise I owe my birth.

My grandfather was a man of great influence, both with Du Guesclin and his fellow bandits. In his character there was a union of quickness and firmness, tempered by very few visitings of remorse or of pity. Such a man was exactly suited to command the respect and admiration of his rough companions. Bold indeed must he have been who could stand unflinching before the frown of Sir Hugh de Montreuil. Many of his feats were told me in my youth. They showed a man of the most daring mind, and the most athletic body, actuated by one of the strongest passions. He had been once a man of fortune. Driven from his home by the arms of the English, his ancestral castle burnt to the ground, his wife and younger child having

died from the hardships they suffered, he had sworn eternal enmity to England, and to the human race. His hatred to England induced him, when the troubles in Spain arose, to accompany his patron and brother in arms Du Guesclin, into that country, to support the new monarch of Castile, Henry of Transtamara, against his dethroned brother Don Pedro the Cruel, to whose aid the Prince of Wales had advanced with all his forces. By this expedition, France was delivered from the most dangerous portion of her turbulent inmates. Some bands still remained, but they now left the open country in which they had hitherto exercised their trade of rapine, and established themselves among the mountains, or in the depths of forests, where they might be secure from the arm of government, and at the same time be able by a forced march to perpetrate their deeds of robbery as before.

Among other places, the valley I have mentioned was fixed upon by a band of these men, for their residence ; and here my grandfather left his yet remaining son, as associate in the command, with an old brother in arms of his own. This person a few years after fell in a rencounter with some soldiers of the royal army, and, at the time of my birth, my father was head of the band.

I need not detain you with an account of my father. Indeed his history and character are themes on which I can never dwell without reluctance. To think of the

noble principles of that heart, corrupted as they were by habits of vice; to recall the affection he bore me, and the undoubting confidence returned by my childish heart, then to remember that he lived and died a robber, an enemy to the human race and to God,—'t is horrible. 'Tis enough to say that he had, with all my grandfather's decision of character, a deeper fount of human feeling in his heart. Peace be with him. He has gone to his long account, and may God have mercy on a noble, erring soul.

My father, in one of his predatory excursions, had become enamoured of a fair captive of gentle blood. The lady had in her character no small mixture of love for the romantic, and the respectful attentions of my father were by no means suited to show her the worst part of a robber's character. They were married. But the marriage was, as might have been expected, an unhappy one to my revered mother. She had been brought up by pious parents, had early and deeply drunk of the spirit of devotion, and nothing could be more shocking to her feelings than the constant profaneness of language and manner, to which, soon after her union with my father, she found herself constantly exposed. In her husband, indeed, she found nothing but kind attentions and unceasing love; but in those around him, the fierce forms that presented themselves constantly to her view, she saw the robber in his true character, remorseless, despising all laws, human and

divine. Too late did she learn that vice cannot be sanctified by the company of power, and that the foes of God and man are none the less so, because among them may be souls fitted by their Maker for better things. My mother grew pale and sick, but she lived until I had reached my fifteenth year.

My education was a source of great affliction to her. She had taught me the rudiments of knowledge, which, rare as they then were, she possessed. But my father, who intended me to fill his place at the head of the little warlike community, opposed even this, and would by no means allow any farther instruction. Many and bitter were the tears my mother shed, and frequently did she intreat my father to send me (as her relations would have no connexion with us) to some convent, where I might lead a life of innocence at least, if not of usefulness. But on this point he was inexorable. To all her arguments he would answer, "Shall I send him to a convent? and why? That among those sainted hypocrites, he may learn to blush at the name of his father? No. The army indeed he might join, but the king has confiscated our possessions and cancelled the nobility of our name. The son of a Montreuil shall not serve as a common soldier in the camp where his grandfather commanded. And then wherever he might go, where could he escape the reproach of his parentage? Who would *employ* or honor the robber's son? No. Let

him rather grow up where he is with a faithful band around him. Better sure to be chief among the free rovers of the mountains, than a cringing slave in some lordly hall whether of temporal or spiritual pride." Such was his reasoning, and my mother though she saw its fallacy, dreaded so much to excite the stormy passions which slept in his breast, that for the time she was silenced.

But the influence of both parents was exerted on me, with very different aims. My father, to make me brave and fit for his purposes, would encourage all the wildness and much of the newly developed wickedness of youth, and often did his policy produce upon me its temporary effect. But I loved better to hear my mother, who would now and then draw me aside, and tell me of the duties of forbearance and meekness, duties which her whole life presented in living colors. She would tell me of the blessed Saviour, who on the cross prayed for his enemies; of Joseph, who forgave his wicked brethren that sold him into captivity. You have sometimes remarked to me that in treating the duties I was always more successful than in any other. If it be so, to God, not to me be the glory. 'T is owing to his grace, through the instructions of that honored woman.

Sometimes a little incident would occur which would make her instructions doubly impressive. One *day it* happened that one of my boyish companions had

in the heat of childish sport provoked me. I had fought with him and beat him; and had just come home, bearing some marks of my recent conflict in my appearance. My father observed it, and encouraged me to relate the circumstances of the affair. When I had done, he shook me by the hand, applauded my spirit, and prognosticated my future fame at the head of his band. It was the first time that he had ever openly spoken of me as his successor. My mother saw his design to engage my interest in the wild pursuit for which he intended me. She burst into tears and left the room.

This incident, with what my mother told me in explanation of it, gave me the first insight into the different intentions of my parents, with regard to me. I then began to see the reason why my father told me so often and with such interest of the deeds of his father and himself; why he spoke to me with a vehemence, which I can at this moment hardly conceive to have been entirely natural, of the wrongs my family had suffered from the English and from our own sovereign. Every discourse was closed with much the same application. "Remember, Philip," he would say, "that you spring from a noble race, a race once among the proudest in the realm. The blood of Montreuil must not stoop to any low submission, and till this unworthy king who rewards by proscription his most faithful subjects, shall voluntarily restore to you the lands and hon-

ors of your family, my curse be on your head, if you ever cease to harass your ungrateful country." But even in such exhortations as these, the natural nobleness of his soul would shine forth. "Never forget that you are, though this false king refuses you the title, a nobleman. It becomes not us, whose fathers have ruled in the hosts of kings, to oppress the poor peasant, or stain our hands with wanton murder. Resist oppression, Philip, and revenge yourself on the oppressor; but take not his character yourself. Let the poor and the afflicted travel in peace, but let the rich, the fortunate, the minions of princes, the serviles of the court feel your arm. Be like the lion, Philip, of which your mother, who has learnt more than I have, has told you. He disdains an ignoble prey, and unites generosity with courage. But woe to you if you forget to imitate his courage. Should you ever relinquish the implacable hatred our race owes to France, I would myself drive the steel into your heart. The death of a malefactor may be odious, but a father's curse is more dreadful still; and my curse, my living and dying curse, be upon the descendant of mine who shall be aught but the enemy of France."

Under these influences who can wonder that many of the feelings of a robber entered my heart? Who can wonder that the instructions of my mother, restrained as she was by love to her husband, made but *little* impression on me; that even the sacred stories

she told me, inculcating humility, forbearance, and forgiveness, yielded their place in my mind to the tales of thrilling interest told me by my father, of his daring adventures and hair-breadth escapes. The men too who surrounded me, grim old ruffians, or offenders who, though young in years, were old in every kind of iniquity, used to tell me stories of violence which though at first they made my young blood curdle, produced by their overpowering interest an impression which exists to this day. Old as I now am, and accustomed as I have been to the serenity of a cloister, for a space longer than the whole lives of most of you, I can never look out on a woody scene, or pass a dark sequestered valley, but the feelings of my boyish days will return, my pulse beats faster, and I feel as if my hand were grasping the lance. But interesting as these stories of my wild companions were, the influence of my mother's precepts was only banished for a time. It had not quite deserted me, and her touching, persuasive voice, or some instance of her heavenly resignation, would often bring it back in all its force. The period of which I am now writing was between the ages of fourteen and fifteen. At this time circumstances took place which had a directing influence on the whole of my subsequent life.

One day I had exhibited some remarkable signs of a headstrong disposition, and my mother in her address to me had been unusually serious. She had pointed out

the dangers which surrounded me, and besought me as I would not break her heart, to check my revengeful feelings, to rescue myself from the chains which bad company was throwing around me, to endeavour through life to take no part in the wild doings of those among whom I lived, but when I became a man and had the power, to escape from them and devote myself to some peaceful employment. But my eyes were not then open. I was provoked to hear myself blamed, as I thought, undeservedly, or perhaps—but no, I had no excuse. I can say nothing to extenuate the black ingratitude I then showed. To what she said about the companions I kept, I answered, that they were those whom my father placed around me; that the friends and the pursuit of my father were good enough for me; and that I had rather be a villain than a coward. Again in ungrateful, sacrilegious rage, I asked her, how she dared to accuse of crime her husband, the father whom she had taught me to honor? I told her that if there was danger in my situation, if there was crime in my actions, she must bear the blame, and at the final judgment that she spoke of, my blood would be required at her hands. I cursed,—yes, oh God! I cursed the author of my being to her face, and rushed from the room, leaving her half senseless.

I rushed out madly and wandered in the forest. There while my heart was still burning with passion, passion heightened by the consciousness of guilt, my

father met me. He saw my agitation, and thought, though he knew not what had happened, that the present might be a favorable mood for his designs.

He was with about a dozen of the band, and proposed to me to join them in the expedition they were then engaged in. I eagerly seized the proposal. Though I had heard much of adventures, I had as yet seen scarcely any thing of them. I had seen my father as one might see the general of an army, wise, stern, providing against every emergency. I had seen his men too around him; tall, finely formed mountaineers; a most picturesque object, immense physical force at rest. I had very seldom been witness to any of the deeds of violence of which our hamlet was the scene, for among the rudest of the brawlers the dwelling of their chief was sacred. My heart beat high for the first time to see that of which I had heard so much; to see the well planned stratagem, the courageous assault, perhaps, for so far was the milk of human kindness polluted in me, to see blood flow.

I have already said that the seat of my father's band was a valley in the midst of the Pyrenees. Our present destination was the high road between Montpellier and Toulouse. Our course lay for some time up through a narrow pass of the mountain, then downwards across its rough side, and then under covert of thick forests, until we arrived at our destination. Such expeditions the band frequently made, sometimes to great distances.

They furnished themselves but scantily with provisions, for the inhabitants of the villages round were many of them in secret compact with my father, and where friendship could not obtain supplies, force was resorted to without scruple. The scenery presented during that journey much to interest a boy of my age, but nothing worth recalling now. The mountains, indeed, the woods, excited little emotion in me, for among such objects I had been brought up. But in the villages, among the cultivated fields, every thing, though to a common beholder's eye it would have seemed squalid and wretched, to me, who had just left our waste and barren mountain home, appeared a perfect paradise. But enough; the garrulity of old age is lengthening out my story, as I see, beyond your patience.

In two days we arrived at our place of destination. It was in the midst of an extensive wood, with so thick an undergrowth, that it was with great difficulty that one unacquainted with the place, could make his way even for a few feet. But my companions, to whom every part of it was familiar, passed with ease through the thickets. In the neighbourhood of the road, the wood was more clear of bushes, but sufficient remained to serve as a place of concealment for our party. My father had been led hither by the information that a large remittance to the Court was soon to pass that road; and as it was at such a distance from the mountains, it was thought that a small guard would be quite

sufficient. To attack this convoy was the purpose of the present expedition. Some days intervened before it arrived, as it had been detained unexpectedly. During this time the most perfect quiet was observed by the band. They rendezvoused in a central part of the wood; a scout was placed near its southern entrance to announce the approach of the convoy, and another at the opposite side that no unlooked for interruption might disturb us in our attack. No assault was permitted upon any of the travellers who passed during the interval, nor was any of the band allowed to be seen without the skirts of the forest.

At last, the scout at the southern entrance, informed us of the approach of the prize. A messenger was immediately despatched to the other side, to assist the sentry there in throwing trunks of trees, already prepared, across the path, which would effectually prevent interruption. The band, meanwhile, were engaged in arranging themselves on the spot chosen for the scene of action. It was in the very centre of the forest. A large rock jutted out from a hill on one side, and on the other trees had been already piled, in a manner not suited to attract suspicion, but still forming a pretty efficient barrier to our prey, as well as place of concealment for some of our party. At the distance of several rods back among the bushes, two or three of the party were placed, to prevent escape, and as a *corps de reserve*. The rest were arranged behind the rock on one

side, and the trunks of trees and brushwood on the other, in ambush for the party.

This arrangement completed, my father with perfect coolness, asked me where I should choose to be. "By your side," I answered. He thought an instant and replied, "It will not do, I should be thinking of you, not of what we have in hand. No: Perez," said he, going to the reserved band, "let Philip be with you, and that he may have a lesson,—Philip," turning to me, "Perez and the others will do the fighting, but I leave it to you to be the spokesman of this party. If any one falls, command him to yield, and to deliver what he has about him." With these words he left me. I took my station, my young blood boiling with the novelty and danger of the adventure; and waited impatiently to hear the sound of the convoy's approach. At my side was old Perez, a Spaniard, than whom I think I never saw a man of more utterly wicked expression of face. Every bad passion appeared delineated there, and the gray hair which hung round his temples added by strong contrast to the savageness of the whole expression.

All was now arranged, and in perfect silence we waited impatiently for the coming of our prey. Crouching on the ground, between old Perez on the one side, and an Italian of much the same stamp, on the other, and concealed behind the thick growth of underwood, *I soon* heard the advancing tramp of the muleteers and

horsemen who composed the convoy. The Italian uttered a half suppressed exclamation to his patron saint, which was echoed by Perez, with a low, deep-muttered oath of fierce delight. These were the only sounds that escaped them previous to the attack. They now lay in attitude, silence, and purpose, like coiled up serpents, just on the point of darting. The convoy approached. I shuddered as I saw the manly form and noble countenance of the leader, and the honest, weather-beaten faces of the muleteers and guards, for I knew the destruction of some of them must be at hand. As they passed us, Perez grasped his crossbow, and cast a look towards the leader, such as none but a restrained robber, can be supposed to give. They passed on for a little way, uninterrupted. The party consisted of eight horsemen, well mounted, and armed with swords and lances, surrounding the four muleteers. Four of the horsemen rode in front, one on each side, and two others composed the rear. Their whole number was nearly equal to our own. When they were a few steps ahead of us, I saw Perez and the Italian raise their crossbows, and take sure aim at the two men who composed the rear guard. I shuddered, and sprang forward to seize the arm of Perez, but it was too late; too late to save his victim from a disabling wound, though it rescued him from immediate death. The other horseman sunk lifeless; the one at whom Perez had aimed, fell scarce less powerless, to the

ground. The robber shook me fiercely from his arm, and rushed with a hideous shout from his ambush. "Now, boy, do your duty, and make that wretch tell his story, while we secure the rest." With these words he rushed forwards, and sprung like a tiger upon one of the side guards, whom, too much startled for defence, he overpowered in an instant. As for me, unmingled horror was for the first moment my only feeling, but the voice of Perez recalled me from this trance, and I remembered the office which my father had assigned me. Mastering myself by a strong effort, I drew my poniard, and, pointing it at the breast of the fallen soldier, ordered him to give up all he had about him, or die. A murmur of acute pain was all the answer I received. I pressed the point of the dagger against his breast. He opened his closed eyes, looked up and tried to rise. I held him down. It required no great strength, for he had lost much blood by his wound. A deep groan burst from him at this—"Oh, my poor mother! my poor widowed mother! Oh God!" My resolution had been fast failing; it now entirely gave way. The poor man did not seem to fear any danger from me. He had not, probably, heard my demand, and my face at that time must certainly have expressed any thing but murderous intentions. Again he attempted to rise; but this recalled me to my recollection; I held him down, and pointing the dagger again at his breast, demanded his money. He started

and uttered another groan, as he saw his helpless condition; "Sweet youth," said he, "spare my life; I have a mother at Lodève, who has nothing left her but me—nothing—nothing—oh my God!" He raised his eyes wildly as he heard the noise of the combat some rods off. "For the love of the blessed Virgin," said he, "let me rise and take my horse again. Your blood-thirsty comrades will be here in an instant; let me go, sweet youth, let me go, as you love the blessed saints." I saw that he was right. In another instant Perez would be back, and then his chance of life would be but small. I aided him to rise and pointed to the wood on one side, as a place of concealment. The love of life lent him strength, and he had almost gained the covert when he was stopped by the brawny arm of Perez. "So, my young falcon," said he in a voice of thunder, "your first feat is to help the heron back to his nest. But you do not work slily enough for me; old Perez can see what is going on around him, stripling. And now, sir, I say it, who am no blubbering boy, deliver your money, or die." The victim had fallen back powerless upon the ground, when Perez laid his hand upon him. He now read in the dark features of the ruffian, that there was no hope for him; and with hope, fear seemed to have vanished. He answered calmly, "I have no money; to take my life can do you no good, but it is in your power, and I will not ask your mercy." "And by the saints, it were a

trouble well spared, for no mercy shall you find. That booby, whom, though the captain's son, I value not an atom, spoiled my aim once, but the knife may finish the arrow's work;" and he drew a knife that hung in a sheath at his side. "For the love of St. Antony, Perez, you will not kill him," I exclaimed; "in my father's name I command you to stop." "Be silent, boy," said he, as with all the ostentation of cruelty he tried to induce the soldier to beseech his mercy. "Stop," I cried; "my father shall know of this." He deigned me no answer. Overcome with terror for the poor soldier, I fell on my knees before Perez. "For the love of God, for the love of God, have mercy." I tried to shelter the calm, unresisting victim with my hands. In vain; the murderer's knife reached his heart that instant. I sunk senseless to the earth.

What was the exact history of the combat in other parts of the field, I never had the heart to inquire.

We returned to my native valley. Many were the expeditions that my father afterwards made with the band; but never did I attend him again. The horrors of the scene I had gone through, pressed on my mind. My mother had discovered my absence. She could not but know with whom, and for what object I had gone; for though my father never told her his plans of robbery, she knew too well the meaning of his long and frequent absences. The thought of the danger I was in, of the

wickedness in which I was educated, of the cruel circumstances of my last parting from her, threw her into a raging fever. In the delirium which accompanied it, she dwelt unceasingly on my last words to her, crying out that she was guilty of the eternal destruction of her son. She lingered but a few months more, and at length passed to the bar of One, who will judge her in mercy.

The day before her death, she called me to her. We had seen each other often since the expedition, and I had besought with tears, and received, her forgiveness for my unfilial language. The words which she then spoke to me in private, as I stood by her bedside, were of too deep moment for me ever to forget them. "My son," said she, "I have but little time to live, but some of that time must be spent in effecting an object, now more dear to me than ever. On that unhappy morning, when you left me in anger (I must refer to it, though it grieves me to the heart), you said that if you grew up a villain, I had none to blame for it but myself. You were right." She paused, from emotion for a moment, and continued, "It had sometimes come across my mind like a dark dream, that the progress which I thought I saw you daily making in vicious inclinations was my own work, but the thought was too horrible to be borne for an instant, until your language forced it upon me without a possibility of escape. Yes, my son, you were right. Should your soul be lost in another world, I feel that to me the woe will be ascrib-

ed. From that time, this horrible idea has been ever present with me. I have had no rest, by night or by day. I think it has had no small share in bringing me to the brink of the grave; and in my grave I shall never rest in peace, unless my parting spirit knows that the son will undo the effects of the mother's rashness. Philip, as you value your mother's happiness in that awful world to which I am hastening, promise me never again to hold any farther connexion with the deeds of darkness, in which this band is engaged; promise me farther, as soon as a favorable occasion presents itself, to escape from this place of crime, and seek shelter in some place where you may lead a life of virtue and peace." I trembled, for I thought of my father's curse, and in confused words I let fall enough to inform my mother of my thoughts. "I know it," she rejoined; "your father has threatened you with his curse, if you should fail to pursue the trade of blood he has chosen for you. But, Philip, it is now no time to weigh inferior motives. You are to make your choice, for time and for eternity. Your father's curse must fall harmless. No obligation can bind you to the commission of a crime. Whatever you do, I can never wish you aught but good; but oh! how much more fervently will my blessing descend upon you, if I know you are worthy of it; and when at last you too shall die, oh! will you not, my Philip, give me the hope that we may meet in Heaven? Once more, as you

value my salvation and your own,"—"I will! I will!" I exclaimed; "oh mother, forgive, forgive my vile ingratitude!" "Think not of it an instant, my son. Be the blessing of God for ever on your head. Kneel, Philip, by my bedside, and repeat your promise." I did as she wished; when I had ended, laying her hand on my head, she exclaimed, "God, and all saints, take this my child to your keeping! May he fulfil his promise, live long and happily on earth, and enter at length into glory! And now, my son, I have but one word more. Love your father. He may have had his faults, but to you and to me he has shown nothing but kindness and affection. Love him, and if I should never wake more, tell him how I have loved him; but neither you nor he can know half of the anguish with which I have thought of him, prayed for him. Tell him my last prayer is, that God will turn his mind to the path of peace and virtue. Farewell! love your father; and oh! remember my son, the engagement you have just made." She never did wake again. My father mourned, in secret, and sincerely. To me her last words were seed which in time produced fruits of peril, of success, of happiness.

I made no secret of my determination, never again to join the band in their excursions. I was willing, I said, to attend to the internal management of the hamlet, to defend it should it be attacked, but farther than this, nothing should induce me to go. The rage of my

father at first knew no bounds; but after every means of terror had been tried in vain, he was constrained to leave it to time and the influence of example, to produce their probable effect. But the promise I had made to my mother was enforced by every powerful motive. The remembrance of the horrors of the forest combat was ever fresh in my mind. Perhaps too a motive of less exalted character had its influence. I was by no means unwilling to escape from the seclusion I was in, and see more of that beautiful world, of which, in that memorable excursion, I had caught a glimpse. At length, the desired opportunity came. My father had gone with the whole strength of his party, on their usual business. Myself, and a few old women and children, were the only persons left behind. This opportunity I was determined to improve. My little preparations were soon made, and I left the hamlet for ever.

There is but one method of access to the valley in which our huts were situated, and this is by a wild and deep glen, terminating, where it is connected with the valley, by a very narrow pass, and opening on the other side, into the champaign country. A stream which took its rise near our huts, passed through the narrow opening, and, swelled by numerous mountain springs, continued its course down the glen and beyond it. It was early in the morning when I left my home, and as I passed along, my mind was, you may judge, but ill at

ease with regard to my fate. Should I meet with my father's band! should I lose my path in these wild regions! I had two days' provision with me, and was an expert hunter, yet in my entire ignorance of the country, thinly peopled as it was, I was in no agreeable situation. But I checked all cowardly thoughts, and breathing a short prayer to him in whose cause I now considered myself engaged, I made my way towards the opening into the outward glen. Never have I seen a view of more gloomy grandeur. On each side rose high, bold mountains, here still covered with the deepest shade, there with their summits just tinged by the first rays of morning. Below me lay the valley, partly filled with a thick, dark wood, around and over which the cold fogs of the morning were still hanging heavily. The sound of the water, falling over its rough path was the only interruption to the silence of the scene—a scene but little calculated to arouse energy or to inspire courage. But I kept on. The dangerous pass was no impediment, for I had often descended it before. I directed my steps towards the right hand, where the shades of the mountain still lay heaviest. I had not however proceeded for more than a couple of hours, when I met with an interruption I little expected.

As I was making my way among the thick brushwood, in almost total darkness, from the shade at once of the mountain and of the trees, I heard voices in a

pretty loud tone not far from me. Uncertain whether to be pleased or not, I drew cautiously towards them, shrouding myself as far as possible in the bushes. It was not, however, till I had come almost into the assembly, that I recognised the stern voice of my father, commanding silence. I could then see the party standing in an open space in great disorder. Two of their number were in the midst, whose looks showed the most furious passion. It flashed upon me at once, that these two men, whom, with all the rest I instantly recognised, had undoubtedly quarrelled, that this was the duelling ground of the band, and that my father had led them here, out of the direct road, that the quarrel might be decided in what he was pleased to call "an honorable manner." It was well for me that they were in loud contention as I approached; otherwise, even had I escaped being despatched by a random shot, I must certainly have been compelled to return to the hamlet. I will not describe the brutal execrations, the disgusting horror, of the scene I now witnessed. The combatants were my old companions, Perez and the Italian. The fight lasted but a few minutes, at the end of which, the Italian fell dead on the spot. After the murdered body had been consigned to a grave, already provided, they prepared to depart. As they were at the very point of setting off, the quick ear of my father detected a rustling of the leaves, in my place of con-

cealment. "Ha! a spy!" he exclaimed; "whoever you may be, come out, and your life shall be spared." "There is no one there, captain," said one of the band. "That we shall soon see," said he, as with the greatest coolness he took his station opposite me and drew his cross-bow. "Again I say, whoever you may be, come forth, and your life shall be spared." Never did death seem so dreadful; to die by his hands! but I thought of my promise to my mother, and of the protection of Heaven, and I stood firm. The arrow sped past me. I expected that the shot would be succeeded by a discharge from all the band, but my father carelessly turned away, saying, "I was mistaken," and the party retired from the spot.

I will detain you with no further particulars of my story. A journey of two days brought me to a monastery, at which I was furnished with the means of conveyance to a part of the kingdom, where I might be in greater security. My thoughts had, from the instructions of my mother, as well as from my disgust at the scenes among which I had been, become inclined towards a monastic life. I procured from the superior of the monastery I mentioned, a letter to the then abbot of this community. Since that time I have continued here. I have passed a long, a happy, and I trust I may add, not a useless life, in my own improvement and the instruction of others, and am now waiting till my time

shall come, in hopes that, by the mercy of God, I shall be permitted to rejoin, in another world, my beloved mother.

THE SCULPTURED CHILDREN.

On Chantrey's Monument in Lichfield Cathedral.

By Mrs. Hemans.

[The monument by Chantrey, in Lichfield Cathedral, to the memory of the two children of Mrs. Robinson, is one of the most affecting works of art ever executed. He has given a pathos to marble, which one who trusts to his natural feelings, and admires, and is touched only at their bidding, might have thought, from any previous experience, that it was out of the power of statuary to attain. The monument is executed with all his beautiful simplicity and truth. The two children, two little girls, are represented as lying in each other's arms, and, at first glance, appear to be sleeping;—

"But something lies,
Too deep and still, on those soft-sealed eyes."

It is while lying in the helplessness of innocent sleep, that infancy and childhood are viewed with the most touching interest; and this, and the loveliness of the children, the uncertainty of the expression at first view, the dim shadowing forth of that sleep from which they cannot be awakened, their hovering, as it were, upon the confines of life, as if they might still be recalled, all conspire to render the last feeling, that death is indeed before us, most deeply affecting. They were the only children of their mother, and she was a widow. A tablet commemorative of their father hangs over their monument. This stands at the end of one of the side aisles of

the choir, where there is nothing to distract the attention from it, or weaken its effect. It may be contemplated in silence and alone. The inscription, in that subdued tone of strong feeling, which seeks no relief in words, harmonizes with the character of the whole. It is as follows:—

"Sacred to the Memory
Of Ellen Jane and Marianne, only Children
Of the late Rev. William Robinson, and Ellen Jane his wife.
Their affectionate Mother,
In fond remembrance of their 'heaven-loved innocence,'
Consigns their resemblance to this sanctuary,
In humble gratitude for the glorious assurance,
That, 'of such is the kingdom of God.'" A. N.]

Fair Images of Sleep,
Hallow'd, and soft, and deep,
On whose calm lids the dreamy quiet lies,
Like moonlight on shut bells
Of flowers, in mossy dells,
Fill'd with the hush of night and summer skies.

How many hearts have felt,
Your silent beauty melt
Their strength to gushing tenderness away!
How many sudden tears,
From depths of buried years
All freshly bursting, have confess'd your sway!

How many eyes will shed
Still, o'er your marble bed,
Such drops, from Memory's troubled fountains wrung!
While Hope hath blights to bear,
While Love breathes mortal air,
While roses perish, ere to glory sprung!

Yet, from a voiceless home,
If some sad mother come,
Fondly to linger o'er your lovely rest,
As o'er the cheek's warm glow,
And the sweet breathings low,
Of babes that grew and faded on her breast;

If then the dove-like tone
Of those faint murmurs gone,
O'er her sick sense too piercingly return;
If for the soft, bright hair,
And brow and bosom fair,
And lip, now dust, her soul too deeply yearn;

O gentle Forms, entwined
Like tendrils, which the wind
May wave, so clasp'd, but never can unlink!

Send from your calm profound,
A still small voice, a sound
Of hope, forbidding that lone heart to sink!

By all the pure, meek mind
In your pale beauty shrin'd,
By childhood's love—too bright a bloom to die!
O'er her worn spirit shed,
O fairest, holiest Dead!
The faith, trust, joy, of Immortality!

DEATH.

AROUND thy brow,
Lord of the dark and lonely tomb,
No lively wreaths of roses bloom;
Before thy shrine no willing votaries bow.

Fearful to men,
Fearful to every son of mirth or woe,
Is thy deep summons, from this scene to go,
To his loved haunts ne'er to return again.

Yet, monarch stern,
Yet, in thy features dark, some lines appear
Which tell of hopes beyond this transient sphere,
To which earth's child with holy joy may turn.

Thou tellest me
Of heavenly scenes, now shrouded from our eyes,
But among which, on high, the soul shall rise,
Rapt in celestial, solemn extacy.

Thy voice I meet,
On scenes of long-gone greatness when I gaze,
And dream of heroes of those elder days;—
Them joyful in thy realms my soul shall greet.

For there, no cold,
Forbidding chains of form shall bind the soul;
Mind shall meet kindred mind without control,
And with the great and good high converse hold.

There, while the lyre,
Which erst to God's high praise triumphant rung,
To the same theme again is loftier strung,
May my rapt soul partake the heavenly fire.

Lord of the tomb,
Thy voice hath called from earth the loved away;
The buds of friendship in their opening day
Thy hand hath nipt, before their ripened bloom.

But in that scene
Shall every flower, that died on this cold earth,
Burst forth and blossom in the spring's glad birth,
And friendship's wreath glow with a brighter green.

A LEGEND OF ST. ANTHONY'S FALLS.

When the flush of an early autumn morn
Up the reddening sky was cast,
Through the dim arches of the wood,
A fawn-like footstep past.
So light it was, that it startled not
From its perch the singing bird;
So light it was, that the shrivelled leaf
In the pathway scarce was stirred.

On the brink of the mighty stream she stood,
With a babe upon her breast,
And she strained it close, and with tremulous voice
Lulled its low sobs to rest.
And why doth the Indian mother stand
Alone by the river's side?
And why hath she cast with a hasty hand
A skiff on the rocking tide?

A mile below where the dashing waves,
O'er a jagged steep were thrown,

Had an Indian chief lit his council-fire,
And an Indian tribe sat down.
And she had been this chieftain's bride,
The bride of his humbler days,
Ere he might lead in the warrior path,
Or a voice in the council raise.

But his arm was strong and his arrow sure,
And his war-track by blood and flame
Was traced, and by many a perilous deed
Had he won a chieftain's name.
And now another wife had he sought,
For his heart was swollen with pride,
And with revel and feast were his tribe to-day
To welcome her home to his side.

But she who had bloomed in his forest bower,
Who had nursed his forest child,
Who had slept on his breast, as a lily sleeps
On a lake in the trackless wild;
She who was proud with an Indian's pride,
Should she, a scorned one, rest,
Till a stranger bird should toss her brood,
In mockery, from her nest?

Into the skiff she leaped,—she seized
With a nervous hand the oar,—

With a quivering lip she kissed the child;—
She hath pushed off from the shore;
A mother and child,—with the hurrying tide
Bearing them down to death!
But now are her features sternly calm,
Like a night-wind's hush is her breath.

On the river's marge was riot loud;—
But a sudden voice they hear
Which hath stilled the tongues of the Indian band;
They stand spell-bound with fear.
Above the noise of the hurrying waves
Rose a lofty voice and strong,
And with motionless awe the savage heard
The mother's proud death-song.

"Lo! lo! from the shadowy wood
They are looking out, a multitude,
With beckoning hand and welcoming face,
The shades of my dead fathers' race.
Hail! hail! I haste to join your band,
Ye dwellers of the spirit land.

"Child, were we scorned! But the eagle's flight
May stoop not from its sunward height.
Child, shall the offspring of the free
Cringe basely at another's knee?

Child, we are free! we come, we come,
To our dead fathers' spirit home.

"I feel the great Wahcondah's wing
My weary soul o'ershadowing;
It gives me strength to stretch away
From the pale confines of the day.
Hail! hail! we haste to join your band,
Blest dwellers of the spirit land."

Over the rapids like a shaft
Sent from a hunter's bow,
Shot the birchen skiff and whirled and sunk
In the eddying foam below.
Once or twice on the foam was a dark spot seen,
But it vanished suddenly;
Nor mother, nor child, nor riven skiff,
Ever more met the gazer's eye.